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UNSOUGHT.

BY F. S. S.

"Woe is me," she cried, in her sorrow,
Eyelids drooping and full of pain;
"Woe is me in the sun or rain,
Grief is mine to-day and to-morrow.

"Woe is me! for his sweet caresses
Fell on my lips and brow and hair.
Woe is me; for his kisses there
Thrill with a pain that burns, not blesses.

"I am his, but he claims me never;
I am his, but he is not mine;
Still I worship at love's dear shrine—
For I loved him once, and I love him ever.

"Woman's right is to give her treasure,
His is the right to laugh and scorn;
Mine is the love so lightly worn—
Naught he has given for love's full measure.

"Woe is me; for he loves me never,
Woe is me for the love unsought—
But oh, for the pain with kisses wrought—
For I loved him once, and I love him ever."

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

"AND you have not spoken to him yet?" Sir Hugh said, in tones of utter astonishment, as his laughing blue eyes peeped audaciously under the broad shadowy brim of Cecil's coarse straw gipsy bonnet. "How is that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the girl said laughingly. "Anne introduced us when we arrived, but someone came and hurried Mr. Arnold off to make up a party for tennis, and there was no chance to exchange anything but the slightest bow."

"And since then I've had the bad taste to monopolize you," Sir Hugh said, adding in a rather grumbling tone, "and you were so fashionably late, too, Cecil!"

"Were we late?" the girl said absently. "I thought most of your guests arrived at the same time."

It was half-past six o'clock, and the garden party, which had reached its zenith half-an-hour before, was beginning to flag a little. Tennis, badminton, and croquet had been in full swing for quite two hours, and even their most ardent votaries were beginning to weary; still Danecourt Park presented an animated appearance as Cecil's dark, sad eyes wandered over it on that fair July afternoon which had made Sir Hugh's fiancee known to Sir Hugh's friends.

The band was playing among the trees, a soft, dreamy melody from "Mignon." Servants were moving about with trays of refreshments; tea and coffee, ices and iced drinks, were finding favor with the exhausted players. Pretty girls, in bright-hued tennis gowns, were resting under the cedar trees; young men, in flannels, with gaily-hued silken bands round their waists, were dancing attendance upon them. The terraces were covered with guests, sitting and standing, and lounging and walking.

Cecil could see her sister with Miss Danecourt, Laura's rich, dark beauty contrasting well with Anne's fair, Saxon comeliness and pale golden hair. Mrs. Geith looked pale and anxious, Cecil thought. Poor Laura, this had been an ordeal to her.

But if it had been an ordeal to Laura, what had it not been to Cecil herself? The thought which never ceased to haunt her, that any moment might bring discovery of the secret which she had hoped to keep, was a terrible one. How a public betrayal had been spared her until now she hardly knew, only that it was doubtless to be ascribed to the fact that Mr. Arnold had many friends in the neighborhood, and was, moreover, an excellent tennis player, and, therefore, in much request, and after that hurried introduction he had remained near the tennis courts, which she had avoided. She felt that he had not recognised her in the moment of introduction, although at the time it had taken all her strength to keep from fainting, and, therefore, her remembrance of the occurrence was slight and confused; but she felt that recognition must come sooner or later. Afterwards she used to wonder a little that her hair had not turned white during those two long, terrible hours.

And yet, as she sat in the wicker chair which Sir Hugh had placed for her under one of the great copper beeches, she looked serene, calm and self-possessed. She had performed her part in the gala day to perfection, and her fiancee had exchanged looks of fond and proud delight with Miss Danecourt, as they watched Cecil receiving the congratulations which were so profusely offered her, with her matchless grace of manner, stately and self-possessed as a young queen. There would be but one verdict about her, Sir Hugo felt triumphantly that his wife would be queen of the county ere long. And if some of the young ladies looked at her jealously, envying her for having carried off the most eligible *parti* of the district, even those who envied her most could find nothing to say in her disfavor, save that her gown was rather effectively simple, and that she must be very vain to dress herself in that somewhat fantastic style.

And perhaps the style was somewhat fantastic, but at least it was eminently becoming. It had seemed strange to Anne Danecourt that Cecil, whose attire was usually costly and rich, should to-day have appeared in a gown of embroidered muslin, simple as a schoolgirl's, made without a train, and short enough to let the little feet in their silk stockings and Cromwell shoes peep from its lace-trimmed edge, while her coarse straw bonnet was trimmed and tied under her chin with white ribbon. She wore no gloves; long white mittens fastened with white ribbon, covered her hands and arms and finished the demure Quaker toilette to perfection.

"How many waltzes are you going to give me to-night?" Sir Hugh queried presently, taking her great white fan and fanning her slowly.

"To-night," she repeated rather vaguely.

"Yes, to-night. Have you forgotten that some of us are going to dance to-night? Don't you feel able to 'trip the light, fantastic toe?'"

"Yes, oh, yes; but, as you say, I had forgotten."

"Then, as I have reminded you, I have a right to all your waltzes. In fact," with a little frown, "I don't think I could bear to see you waltzing with anyone else. I'm an awfully jealous fellow, Cecil."

"But is it not awfully bad form to dance only together?" she remarked with a little smile which just touched her lips.

"Who cares? Even if it is, dear, we are not so punctilious here."

"How pretty some of the girls are," Cecil said presently. "Miss Butler looks very well to-day."

Sir Hugh glanced carelessly at his cousin, who, in an exquisite dress of palest blue, was standing surrounded by a little court of admirers.

"Yes, she looks very well. Rather too much like a figure on a fashion plate for my taste."

"I am not jealous, Hugh. You may praise her as much as you like."

"Thanks for the permission," he answered laughing. I have praised her as warmly as my inclination prompts."

"I wish she liked me a little better," Cecil said wistfully; or, rather, I should say, disliked me a little less."

Sir Hugh frowned a little.

"What does it matter, dear? You have won so much love here, that you can dispense with universal conquest," he said carelessly; Connie's bad taste is not worth thinking off."

"And yet I can't help thinking of it," she answered with one of her faint little smiles.

"Think of it, if you will; but don't let it worry you, little one. Ah! There is Lady Ruthane going, and I must leave you. Shall I take you to a more populated district?" he added, as he rose and stood looking down at her, tall and splendid-looking in his summer attire.

"Oh, no; I prefer this nook. It affords a good and safe view of the situation," she replied; I can see without being much seen. Go now, Hugh; I ought not to monopolize you like this."

"I am afraid I am guilty of the monopoly," he said ruefully, as he turned from her raising his hat and giving her a fond little smile.

Cecil watched him as he strode away over the velvety, green lawns, until a mist came before her eyes and blotted him out.

How good he was—how strong—how handsome! Ah! if she had only been true, she might not have lost him after all; she might have kept his love and esteem.

The mist which floated before her eyes and dimmed the keenness of her sight made the brilliant scene before her a confused and blurred medley of colors and forms. When it cleared away, she became conscious that a gentleman was coming towards her, over the green sward; and it seemed to her as if a cold, icy hand held her heart in a cruel grip, as she recognized him.

He was a man above the medium height, slightly but gracefully built, with a face which, usually pale, was now flushed with his exertions at tennis; deep set eyes with a pleasant little smile in them; a grave, firm mouth, sensitive withal, and unshaded by any moustache.

Mr. Arnold came leisurely across the grass, contemplating, with admiring eyes, the slight white figure almost lost in the depths of the wicker chair, whose red cushions made a most perfect background to her white purity, and gave the picture the touch of color it needed. It was a pretty picture, the young barrister thought, although the beautiful young face was hidden by the quaint poke bonnet; the simplicity of her gown pleased his artistic eyes, the natural grace of her attitude showed the perfect proportions of her figure; her hands, in their quaint coverings, lay clasped upon her lap, clasped with a clasp whose pressure he could not know; the sun, stealing through the foliage of the copper beeches, bedecked her white gown with little trembling shadows, and caught the gleams of the diamond on her fingers.

"Millais alone could do justice to such a picture," Arnold thought to himself as he approached her. "She will make a charming mistress for Danecourt. What a picturesque pair she and Hugh will make!"

"Shall I be intruding on your solitude, Miss Lestrange?" he said in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, as he reached her. "Jessie sent me to 'make friends' as she phrased it, but I daresay you are tired and would rather defer it."

"Oh, no," Cecil answered in a low tone, "I am not tired."

"Am I to take that assurance for permission to occupy the chair which Hugh's duties as host have forced him to leave vacant?" he said smiling. "Thank you," and as Cecil inclined her head in acquiescence, he threw himself into the chair beside her.

She turned her face slightly towards him as he sat there, and he could see its delicate beauty framed in the soft, white, gathered silk with which the brim of her bonnet was lined. As his eyes rested upon it, he experienced a slight, sudden shock; surely its loveliness was strangely familiar to him, yet where had he seen her before?

Cecil sat motionless. There was no sign, not the slightest, of any agitation in her manner, no outward evidence of the intense agitation she was enduring. Her face was towards him, but her eyes were downcast. Hers, as Montagu Arnold felt, was not a face which, once seen, was easily forgotten. Where had they met before?

The band had ceased to play just as Sir Hugh had left Cecil's side; it began again now, as Montagu Arnold leaned slightly forward in his chair.

"Have we ever met before, Miss Lestrange?" he asked smiling. "Your face seems so familiar to me."

"Does it?" she said quietly.

"Yes, I have a good memory for faces, and yours is not one easily forgotten, I think," he said musingly. "But just now I cannot recall where I have seen you."

"Do not try," she said with a sudden, wistful earnestness underlying the light manner she had successfully assumed. "What does it matter? Have you never met people, Mr. Arnold, whose faces are quite familiar to you, and whom you fancy you know, and whom you have never really met before?"

"Is not that what Artemus Ward calls affinity?" the young barrister said laughing, yet with the same puzzled intent look into her face; then recollecting himself, he withdrew his gaze. "Forgive me," he pleaded gently; "I am very rude! Nannie has had a lovely day for her party. Are you not very tired of receiving congratulations?"

"A little," Cecil said in the low, tuneless, muffled tone she had used hitherto; "but," with a weary intonation stirring its monotony, "it will soon be over now. How well the music sounds, does it not?"

"Very well," he rejoined rather absently, still puzzled and wondering where he had seen the lovely girl's face to which his eyes were so irresistibly attracted that he could hardly force himself to look away. "You know that air, of course, it is 'Il segreto,' from Lucrezia Borgia, and——"

He paused suddenly and abruptly; the casual mention had given him the clue he wanted; he turned to her again, a flood of color rushing into his face, then receding, left him as pale as death, or as the lovely miserable face on which his eyes rested.

For a moment the two startled, pallid faces looked at each other in silence; the band played on softly, the sunshine flickered through the trees.

Cecil was the first to speak.

"You know me?" she said steadily; and at the sound of her voice he started, and looked around with a bewildered air.

"Know you? Yes. Great Heavens! Is it possible that it is you who call yourself Cecil Lestrange, and——"

"It is I!"

"You who are engaged to Hugh Danecourt?"

"Yes."

"And—and he knows? Ah! but he cannot know."

"He knows nothing," Cecil said brokenly.

"Nothing? And yet—and yet, it is impossible that you can be his wife."

"Impossible?" the girl echoed drearily, as he sat staring at her with blank, horror-stricken eyes, too full of horror at her de-

ception and at the misery he foresaw for his friend, to feel any pity for her, although a breaking heart looked at him out of her desolate, anguished eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE band played on softly; the sunshine crept through the full-leaved trees; the guests were dispersing; a soft, evening breeze was blowing over from the hills.

A long silence had fallen upon Cecil and her compahion; for fully ten minutes neither had uttered a word. The man, cool and calm as he was by nature, and many as were the lessons his profession had taught him, was stunned by the discovery he had made; the woman sat motionless, with the grip of the icy hand tight upon her heart, all the fair, delicate loveliness crushed out of her face.

She knew now that her worst fears were realized, that her last hope was gone. The look on Montagu Arnold's face, the look of horror, unspeakable horror, had shown her only too plainly in what estimation he held her. And yet, even, in her desperation, she resolved to make one last effort to keep that which she held so dear. She would not give up Hugh Danecourt's love without a struggle, and if the struggle were futile, why, she told herself, there was always death!

Arnold had not removed his eyes from her face, but, even had she been conscious of this, she could not have heeded it, for he was staring at her with a blank, unseeing gaze, which saw nothing; the light and loveliness had died out of her face unseen by those musing, thoughtful eyes; there was no pity in his face, only the same absorbed look of horror.

When at last he roused himself and addressed her, his voice, which a few moments before had been so pleasant and musical, was harsh, cold and incisive.

"Why have you done this thing?" he said bitterly. "Why have you acted with such treachery? It was almost as foul——"

"As that of which I was declared innocent," she interrupted him quickly, and his lip curled in yet more bitter scorn.

"Innocent!" he repeated contemptuously. "I did not believe you so then, now I am even more ready to believe in your guilt."

"And yet," she said slowly, in a tone whose utter anguish went to his heart, "I was innocent!"

"We will not discuss that," he said coldly. "Your present guilt you cannot deny, and it is great."

"I do not deny it," she answered faintly, "nor its greatness. I feel it only too deeply now."

She pressed both her little hands to her heart, as if their pressure would remove that icy clasp which held it. Even his anger was lessened by the anguish on her face.

"How could you do it?" he said, almost with a groan of pain, as he remembered Sir Hugh's great love for the woman before him, and how dreadful would be his awakening from his dream of happiness with her. "How could you win his love only to break his heart? Were you not content——"

"Must his heart be broken?" she said faintly, lifting her piteous eyes to his in supplication. "If you had not come, he would never have——"

"Ah, hush! be silent!" he said sharply. "Are you so shameless as to glory in your baseness? Do you mean that but for my coming, you would have carried out your deception to the most bitter end?—that you would have become Hugh Danecourt's wife without telling him who you are?"

A faint, most bitter smile crossed her lips.

"Do you think if he knew who I am, that he would wish to make me his wife?"

"No!" he answer hastily.

"Then, since I had intended to marry him," she said, with another of the strange little smiles which were like a sudden contraction of her face, and were horrible to see, "I could not have intended to tell him who I am."

"Great Heaven!" the man said, passionately, as he heard her. "Is it possible that one so beautiful could be so base? You have been at Danecourt for two or three months; for a month you have been Hugh's promised wife, you have accepted his love, you have feigned—yes, feigned—love for him," he went on, heedless of her little entreating gesture, "knowing all the while that you have been guilty of the blackest treachery towards him, the basest betrayal woman ever wrought. Why did you do it? How could you find it in your heart to do it?"

"I did it because—" her voice failed her for a moment and her head sank forward on her breast in irrepressible weakness—"because I loved him so well."

"Loved him," he echoed in a low voice full of concentrated scorn. "Hate would be preferable to such love."

She looked at him with a great appeal in her beautiful, lustrous eyes.

"Perhaps," she said, in a low, broken voice, which touched him even in his anger; "perhaps it would, and yet I love him! I know," she went on patiently, "that I deserve all your scorn. You cannot despise me more than I despise myself; even you could not do that; but you who know, or who knew once, it is not long ago, but you may have forgotten it—all my story, might well feel some pity for me."

"Pity! Yes, I might pity you had you not done this most wicked thing," he answered bitterly; "but as it is, I keep all my pity for Hugh."

"That is but natural," she said, her eyes going slowly to the distant terrace where Sir Hugh's tall figure stood among his guests, pre-eminent among them all by its lofty stature and stately movements. "He is your friend, and you love him, and yet, even he cannot suffer as I have suffered."

"Your suffering is merited," he exclaimed with bitterest scorn. "What wrong had he done you that you should inflict such anguish upon him? How could you blight his life as you have blighted it, and deprived him of all chance and hope of happiness as you have done?"

"I have given him one month's happiness," she answered wistfully, a sudden flush rising in her face as she thought of the happiness of that month. "And—and if you would let me, I would make him so happy that he would never regret having trusted me."

"Do you mean if I let you carry this deception out to the end?" he said with something like incredulous indignation in his voice. "If I allow you to marry him—you?"

"Yes," she said quietly; "me!"

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

"Almost," she replied with a little broken sob. "Almost. Be patient with me for a little while and let me tell you how it came about."

She glanced round her nervously as she spoke, but they were quite alone; some of the guests had departed, others were making their farewells; those who were going to stay for the dance in the evening, were grouped about the terraces, chatting and laughing.

Sir Hugh, crossing the lawn with a great lady, whom he was seeing to her carriage, glanced across at the quiet figures under the copper beech, and smiled to himself as he thought that Monty and Cecil were making friends.

He little guessed what bitter anger was in the heart of the one, what bitter anguish in the heart of the other.

"I am waiting," the young barrister said quietly, as Cecil sat silent, looking drearily over the fair scene before them, touched now with the light of the sun, which was about to set, and the girl started slightly as she turned to him.

"I saw you speaking to my sister a little while ago," she said gently. "You were looking at her as if you liked her, and, before I tell you my story, I want you to believe that she is quite innocent of any wrong that I have done. She did not wish to stay here when she saw that—" she broke off with a little gasping sob, then went on—"But we were happy here, and safe, and——"

"Safe!" he echoed bitterly.

"Yes, safe from discovery," she said a little unsteadily. "We thought so, at least, but you see——"

Again the little sob caught her breath, and forced her to be silent for a moment, then recovering herself, she went on—

"Perhaps you will hardly believe me when I say we came here without any evil intent," she said with a faint, most bitter smile. "We came because it was quiet and retired and peaceful, and we thought my story would be unknown here. We meant no harm, only to seek a refuge from the world that had treated me so cruelly, and treated Laura also through me. But almost directly——"

Her voice failed her completely now; she made an effort to speak, but it was useless; the words died away on her white dry lips.

Involuntarily Montagu Arnold's face softened as his eyes rested on her death-like face,; her manner upset all his preconceived notions of her guilt; it was not the manner of a bold, shameless woman, hardened to sin; it was gentle, timid, pitiful, and penitent.

Ah, yes; penitent! It was impossible to look at her without feeling that she was repentant for the cloud she had brought into Hugh Danecourt's life.

After a minute she began to speak, mastering her emotion with a brave patience which compelled his respect.

"Forgive me," she said gently; "it is a little difficult to tell you what I have to tell without giving you unnecessary details, but I will be brief as I can—nay, I must be brief, my time is so short. If you ask Sir Hugh," she went on, a faint little smile touching her lips for a moment, then fading directly, "he will tell you that he cared for me the first time he saw me; so that unless I had told him then who and what I am, I could not have prevented it. But if you think what my life was for so many years, a life so lonely, so loveless, you will more easily forgive me that I could not put away his love from me. I tried many a time, often and often, but I could not do it. He will tell you, if you ask him, how I tried to repel him, and how powerless I was to fight against my own heart and him. How could I help loving him," she broke out almost passionately, "when he loved me?"

"You could have helped deceiving him," the young man said huskily, but the anger had faded from his eyes, leaving only sadness, and he had leaned forward in his chair, and sat with his elbow on his knee, and his right hand shading his face.

"Could I?" the girl said wistfully, with a smile sadder than tears. "I do not quite think I could? Oh, think," she passionately burst forth, "what a temptation it was! I loved him, I knew in my heart that I was an innocent woman, most unjustly branded, and sometimes it seemed as if Heaven had sent this great love into my life to make amends for the past. Yet, even in my happiest moments—for I was happy sometimes—the taint of my sin against him—I am guiltless of the other—came between us and darkened all my happiness."

Glancing at him as she paused a moment, she saw that his face had softened strangely, that his lips were firmly set, but even that did not quite conceal their slight tremor. A gleam of hope crept into Cecil's aching heart, perhaps after all he would not be so merciless as she feared.

"At first," she went on, in a pathetic, patient voice which touched Montagu Arnold, notwithstanding his anger, "I was so happy that I hardly remembered that bitter episode in my past! Yes, you can judge from that how great my happiness was! There were times when I might have been in reality the pure young girl, fresh and innocent, that he thought me, but there were others, oh, Heaven!" she half rose, clasping her hands convulsively, then sank heavily into her seat again, "there were others when no misery I suffered in the past could equal that misery; when that ordeal, that most terrible ordeal of which you know, faded into insignificance beside the agony of the thought that I was deceiving him; then that agony seemed to fade, to die away, not completely, but to recur with less frequency. I began to feel secure, to think that, after all, fate had better days in store for me to make up for the past. Danecourt was so quiet, so retired, so few strangers came here, Hugh so seldom left home, discovery seemed unlikely; but——"

She paused a moment. She had spoken all through with difficulty, for her lips were parched and dry; the young man had listened in utter silence. Neither by word or gesture had he interrupted her, his face was grave and very sorrowful, as he sat shading it with his hand.

"It was only yesterday," she continued, after a moment's pause, "that I knew of Jessie's engagement, and who her fiancee was. She had wished it kept a secret from us, to surprise me by its avowal; only yesterday I knew on what foundation of sand my house was built, and how short a dream of happiness I was to enjoy."

"How could you expect it to be otherwise?" he said sadly. "It was impossible but that your deception should be discovered sooner or later, and it is well it was discovered before it was too late."

"Perhaps!" she said brokenly. "But you cannot expect that I should join in your rejoicings at that discovery. I knew it must come," she went on, clasping her hands with a sudden passion, "when I heard your name, and last night—last night I meant to tell him; I tried to tell him but I could not—I could not? I was afraid to see his face change, to hear his voice utter reproaches, perhaps curse me; so I let the last chance pass; I tried to make myself believe that perhaps you would not recognise me. I did not really believe it for a moment, only——"

Her voice died away completely now; she sat motionless, staring at him with wide, desolate, dilated eyes which saw nothing, yet Montagu Arnold shrank from their gaze, it seemed to him full of intense reproach.

They were silent for a time; Cecil had sunk back in her chair, exhausted by the long strain upon her endurance; her face, even to her lips, was white as her dainty muslin gown. Montagu Arnold did not move; angry as he was with her, grieved as he was at the suffering which she had inflicted upon his friend, he had no angry words for her; he felt like an executioner under the sightless stare of her great, shining, dark eyes.

The sun was beginning to set, the western sky was brightening slowly into the glory which by-and-by would illuminate it; the windows in the beautiful old house were red with the glow of the coming sunset. The band was still playing softly; most of the guests had left, the greater number of those who lingered were those who were going to remain for the dance, and were chiefly young people. Ah, if they could have guessed of what the two under the copper beeches had been talking and what a terrible memory was between them, how the smiling, careless faces would have changed.

The tete-a-tete seemed an ordinary one; a pretty white-clad girl, a grave-faced young man, who seemed absorbed in her; what tragedy could lurk behind such an everyday sight?

No one, indeed, had given it more than a casual, admiring glance, except Miss Butler, who, glancing rather significantly at the couple under the copper beech, said, with a sneer, to Jessie, that "Montagu seemed very much struck with Miss Lestrange, and that she seemed as much attracted by him;" and although Jessie had answered loyally that she was glad that they got on well, she could not help feeling a sudden little sharp, jealous pang, as she thought of Cecil's great beauty and charm, and marked Montagu Arnold's absorbed air as he sat beside her, heedless, apparently, of everything else.

The young man's heart was very heavy as he sat there under the shadow of the great copper beech trees; he had almost lost all sense of anger and contempt against Cecil in his great pity for her.

There was no mistaking how terribly she had suffered; whatever her sin, her punishment had been great. Could he find it in his heart to add to that suffering? Hardly, indeed; and yet—and yet, it was impossible that she should marry Hugh Danecourt; of that, at least, he was certain about.

"What are you going to do?" he asked her, slowly lifting his head at length, and looking gravely at her.

She looked at him swiftly, with a sudden gleam of hope in her beautiful sad eyes.

"Is there any but one alternative?" she asked faintly. "Will you not betray me?"

"No," he said quietly, "not unless I am forced to do so. Only—only"—he hesitated, feeling more like an executioner than ever, as he looked at her and saw that sudden hope die out of her eyes—"only it is impossible that you should be Hugh Danecourt's wife."

"Under any circumstances?" she queried faintly—"under any circumstances?"

"Under any but impossible circumstances," he answered gravely; and then, seeing Hugh coming towards them over the lawn, and feeling unable to meet him just then, he rose, bowed slightly and gravely, and disappeared among the trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT WAS night once more. Behind the western hills the sun had long since gone to rest, and above the sky was fair, serene and beautiful. A few pale stars twinkled in its blue vault. There was the fair, young moon at which Sir Hugh had looked as he went to the Gate House on the previous evening, shining pale and pure; there was a soft, warm wind stirring among the full-leaved trees; there was the fragrance of the roses in Anne Danecourt's flower garden filling the air.

The Hall itself was a blaze of light from garret to basement. Nearly all those who had remained for the dance with which the garden party was to end were to be the squire's guests for the night, and the lighted windows seemed to give a hospitable welcome as they shone out in the subdued semi-darkness of the summer night.

The inner hall of the fine old mansion made the perfection of a ball-room, the shining oaken pavement made an unsurpassable floor, over which the dancers'

flying feet glided swiftly and smoothly; the band was in the gallery overhead; the curtained recesses made admirable flirting nooks; the conservatories, softly lighted with hanging Chinese lanterns, made delightful retreats for those who were tired of the brilliance and whirl of the dancing room, and one or two couples, not afraid of the night air, had wandered out on the terraces—to study astronomy most probably.

Notwithstanding tennis, croquet, badminton, and the fatigues of the afternoon, dancing was going on vigorously in the stately, old-world ball room. Only a score of couples in all—which made it all the pleasanter, the devoted votaries of Terpsichore declared laughingly.

There was no chance of a collision, since four times the number might have danced in that hall with ease. Even girls who had returned home after a London season of crush, and heat and glare, feeling as if they would never care to go to another dance, were enjoying themselves amazingly, and had lost, temporarily at least, all their languor and affectation.

There was a fair show of beauty among the dancers, even apart from the home party. Anne and Jessie Danecourt were charming hostesses—gracious, graceful, beautiful—while Constance Butler seconded their efforts, in a careless haughty manner, which was not without its gracefulness and charm.

Mrs. Geith looked very handsome in her long, rich, black dress, although she was paler than her wont, and appeared ill at ease and troubled; but among all the fair women who graced that charming old hall, and moved over the dark, oaken floor, or flitted up and down the stately stair-case, there was not one whose beauty equalled Cecil Lestrange's.

Never in her life, perhaps, had the girl looked so beautiful as she did that night. Never had she appeared in higher spirits, or smiled, or talked with greater animation.

She wore her simple muslin gown as if it had been a royal robe. She danced with a grace which only her foreign education could have given her, the English girls thought jealously. The young men crowded around her, loth to leave her side when obliged to do so; while she held her court with a grace and queenliness which had a touch of coquetry that made them all the more fascinating.

Sir Hugh looked on at the pretty comedy she played, half amused, half admiring, but with a touch of jealousy mingling with his amusement and admiration. He was proud and delighted at the admiration she excited, but he was not quite pleased at the spice of coquetry.

The young squire had very strict notions about women, about this one sweet woman in particular; he could not bear to think of his pure sweetheart stooping to what he deemed the unwomanly shame of flirting. He would scold her by-and-by he thought, glancing at the lovely little pale face, in which the dark grey eyes shone, or rather blazed, with such intense, feverish lustre, and to which the simplicity of her gown gave an added air of intense youth.

Montagu Arnold also watched her almost incessantly, wondering with a great wonder as he did so.

Could this brilliant young creature—radiant with loveliness, apparently perfectly, cloudlessly happy, hedged in, as it were, by her love, her youth and her beauty—be the haggard, despairing, heart-broken woman with whom he had sat under the beech trees a few hours ago, and whom he had pitied while he condemned her? Was it possible? Could she be so good an actress?

Which was acting—the despair or the joy? Bah! She was doubtless vile and depraved to the inmost core of her heart; she could not be true if she tried! Yet, even while he deemed her this—even while he thought she was vile—he found himself trying to excuse her—to palliate her sin!

He watched her closely through the night hours which chased each other with flying feet, and presently the hard, angry intentness of his gaze softened.

He began to see which had been acting of her joy and despair; he began to pity her as he had done earlier in the day, to see the great sadness in the beautiful shining eyes; and when they met his with a sudden appealing look, he understood the mute entreaty and went to her side. And Cecil, resuming for a moment her bright manner, dismissed her little court, slipped her hand through the young barrister's arm, and looked up at him with miserable eyes and pallid, parted lips.

"Take me away somewhere," she said breathlessly and vehemently, yet faintly at one and the same time. "I am stifling here—take me away!"

He saw that her self-control was failing her—that the strain she had undergone for the last few hours had broken her down.

Without a word, but with a grave kindness on his face which soothed her, he led her through the conservatory, out on to the terrace beyond, where the cool, soft night reigned alone, calm, and serene, and beautiful.

The terrace was quite deserted, the band had just struck the waltz, "Dream Faces," and the two or three couples who had been wooing the freshness had hurried in, not to lose a measure of the sweet melody; its soft strains came faintly, very faintly, out on the terrace, where Cecil and her companion stood.

She had taken her hand from his arm when they had reached the open air, and had walked on by his side in silence, then as they reached the end of the terrace she paused and fell suddenly on her knees beside the stone balustrade, fumbled restlessly at the laces about her throat, with nervous, trembling hands, careless of the damage their ruthless fingers were creating among the delicate fabrics.

"I am choking," he heard her say, with short gasps for breath between the words, and he understood how great the restraint she had put upon herself had been; this half-stifled agitation showed it more plainly than any flood of tears could have done.

He forbore to speak to her, he forbore to touch her, even to raise her from her knees on the damp grass.

He felt helpless and bewildered, yet through his bewilderment he caught himself again wondering at the self-control she must have at her command, to have appeared calm and composed until now; to have danced, and laughed, and talked, when in truth she was suffering from such intense emotion. And with the wonder came that great pity for her, for which he blamed himself but could not repress.

She was kneeling, resting against the stone balustrade, her breath coming unevenly in short, quick gasps from her parted lips, her eyes half closed.

Even in the semi-darkness of the fragrant summer night he could see the deathlike pallor of her face, the shudder which now and again shook her from head to foot; and he began to grow seriously alarmed.

She must not be seen thus by any of the squire's guests; there was no need for any but the Danecourts themselves to know her story—even Constance Butler need not do so; Sir Hugh's engagement could be quietly broken off without any public scandal.

A broken engagement was an everyday occurrence, and would occasion but little comment; but Cecil's story, if it ever became known, would make the neighborhood ring; and this he felt would add considerably to the distress the Danecourts could not but feel when they knew the truth.

He bent gently towards Cecil, and touch her lightly on the shoulder; for a moment his touch was unheeded, but the next she had turned her face slowly towards him, looking at him with wild, wide eyes full of pain.

"Can I get you anything?" he said gently. "You must not let your emotion be apparent, unless you are prepared for almost a public confession. You would not like any of those people to see you thus."

She remained motionless for a minute, then slowly raised herself from the ground, leaning against the stonework as she stood still opposite to him.

"No, you are quite right," she said hoarsely. "No one must see me thus but you—only you," she added with a low, faint, pathetic sign. "But if I had stayed there any longer, I should have broken down, or screamed aloud, I think."

"Will you remain here while I go and get you some wine?" he said gently. "I will bring you a chair, and the quiet will help to restore you."

She looked at him vaguely, almost as if she did not understand what he said, then made a slight gesture of acquiescence; there were some wicker chairs on the lower terrace; he went, and bringing one, placed her in it with a gentle kindness which the girl felt deeply. Tears came slowly into her burning eyes as she turned them upon him.

"Thank you," she said simply. "You are very good to me."

Something in the hopeless pathos of her voice, so despairing, yet so grateful, touched him as even her agitation had not done.

"I should like to be good to you if I knew how," he answered gravely. "But I will help you, and make it as easy for you as I can, for Hugh's sake. Stay here now until I come for you."

He hurried off, leaving her alone in the fair summer night. The girl sat motionless; she had not strength to move until he returned with some champagne, which he forced her to drink, and which revived her somewhat from the stupor of exhaustion into which she had fallen.

When he saw that the stony, frozen look had left her face, and that a more natural expression had replaced it, he said to her gently—

"Are you able to talk to me? It seems to me that this suspense must be more trying to you than anything else could be, and that the sooner it is ended the better. Another dance has just begun, and for a few minutes I think we shall not be missed."

"I am able," she said gently.

"I have been thinking very much of what we have been speaking of this afternoon," he said after a brief pause. "And the more I think of it the more impossible it seems that we can leave Hugh in ignorance of the truth. That it will pain him terribly is unavoidable; that must be faced, only will he hear it better from you or from me?"

She made no answer; her dark, sad eyes wandered over the sleeping grounds, her lips quivered a little in her great and bitter pain.

"I know," he went on gently, "that for you to tell him would be an ordeal almost beyond your strength. I shall spare it you by making the confession for you? Shall I tell him when and where and under what circumstances I saw you first? I will deal as gently, as mercifully with you as I can, believe me."

"It is good of you to wish to spare me," she said gently; "but if he must know, I must tell him. How could anyone else tell him such a story? How could anyone else tell him how I suffered? How could anyone else assure him that I was most innocent of what they accused me? And"—she looked at him suddenly and eagerly—"when you said to-day that it was impossible that I should be his wife, were you sure, are you sure even now, that he will agree with you?"

"I think," Montagu Arnold returned steadily, "that if he should not agree with me, it would be your duty to force him to do so."

"My duty!" she repeated, with a sudden startled look.

"Yes, your duty," he replied firmly—"that is, if you love him."

"If I love him?"

"Yes."

A short silence ensued.

"I do not understand," Cecil said faintly. "If he is willing to condone, why should I not accept that forgiveness?"

"For many reasons," was the immediate answer. "Consider, my poor child! Heaven knows I would not be harsh, yet I can give you no hope that you can be forgiven—that your past can be overlooked."

"He loves me!" Cecil moaned.

"He loves you with a great love," Montagu answered earnestly. "I do not underrate that love. It may survive a deception as cruel as yours has been, it may endure through all. Yet, if you love Hugh Danecourt as you say you do, if your love is true, sincere, unselfish, noble, as the love of some women is, then it will be your duty to save him from himself; to refuse the sacrifice, the enormous sacrifice which it may be he will be willing to make for you!"

"But why? If he be willing—if he be willing——" Cecil said breathlessly.

"You have not considered, you have not thought," he interrupted hastily. "If you had you would understand. The Danecourts have always been respected, honored, looked up to; not only in this county, but wherever their name is mentioned it is synonymous with stainless honor and stainless purity. Is it then the action of a woman who loves Hugh Danecourt, to bring the first blot upon his name? the first stain upon his escutcheon? Do you think that his love for you, great as it is, great as I know it to be, when its first passionate ardor had failed, would outlive the knowledge that you had brought disgrace upon his name; that whenever it was mentioned, that name, which until now, had been so honored and so respected, there would be added that Hugh Danecourt had married a——"

A little cry of pain broke from her and stopped the utterance of the word. His face and voice had softened strangely and suddenly as he heard it, it was so plainly the cry of a broken heart.

A short silence followed it, but it seemed to Montagu Arnold that it still echoed and vibrated on the soft air.

"Forgive me," he said regretfully; "I forgot. Forgive me!"

"Why? For calling me what in the eyes of many I am?" she said with a little bitter smile. "I know," she went on passionately, "that you are right; I feel here"—pressing both her hands upon her heart with a pathetic little gesture of pain—"the truth of every word you say. I know that stained as I am, I am no fit wife for him; and yet, and yet——"

Her head sank forward heavily on her breast, it seemed to her at that moment that life was dealing her its hardest blow, and that it had bowed her to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AH, how much suffering might be spared sometimes by a single abstinence, by a single no, answered in a firm tone to the voice of seduction.

Bric-a-Brac.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT.—A scientist is reported to have reared young puppies in lights of different colors, to see if they produced any effect on the characters of the animals. According to his results, as published, puppies reared in green light were of extreme cheerfulness and playfulness; those reared in orange light were also playful, but their movements were heavy and awkward, their tempers cross and quarrelsome. Blue and violet rays appeared to have a soothing and taming influence, while red light seemed still more to destroy liveliness. The experiments reported are of an interesting nature, but require scientific confirmation. It has long been known that light affects the development of living things, especially plants, which are confined to one locality and cannot seek a change of scene.

FIRE-ENGINES.—The common squirt was the first engine for fires. This was at least the first step towards fire-engines in England, though for some few years they had been already known in Germany; for in 1657 Hautsch of Nuremberg invented a kind of sledge water-cistern, the pumps of which were worked by twenty or thirty men, a machine subsequently improved upon by the brothers Ver Heyden of Amsterdam, when in 1672 they introduced the flexible hose, the whole the prototype of the manual fire-engine still in use. Of these cumbrous German arrangements the insurance companies, dating in England from 1681, were the first to avail themselves. Coming to America with the English, the development of the machine here has far surpassed all other countries of the world.

IN EARNEST.—An exciting scene that occurred in the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, recently, during the performance of a sensational drama, is chronicled by an English paper. Toward the close of the third act, when the hero seems to be in the power of the villain of the piece, a man in the gallery rose to his feet, shook his fist at the actor who was personating the villain, and then took a leap from the gallery to the stage, on which he fell with a sickening thud just beyond the footlights. Actors and audience were alike excited, and shrieks were heard from all parts of the house. The man was at once carried off the stage and removed to the Royal Infirmary, where it was found that his leg was broken and he had suffered other injuries. The distance from the gallery to the stage is thirty feet. It turns out that the man's name is Mandeville, and that the name of the heroine of the piece is also Mandeville.

OMENS AND DREAMS.—In an old work on the occult sciences, the following very singular divination practice at the period of the harvest moon is described: When you go to bed, place under your pillow a prayer-book, open at the part of the matrimonial service, "with this ring I thee wed," place on it a key, a ring, a flower, a sprig of willow, a small heart-cake, a crust of bread, and the following cards—the ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades and the ace of diamonds. Wrap all these in a thin handkerchief of gauze or muslin, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say:

> Luna, every woman's friend,
> To me thy goodness condescend;
> Let me this night in vision see
> Emblems of my destiny.

If you dream of storms, troubles will betide you; if the storm end in a fine calm, so will your fate; if of the ring or the ace of diamonds, marriage; bread, an industrious life; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, money; clubs, a foreign land; hearts, base children; keys, that you will rise to great trust and power, and never know want; birds, that you will have many children; and geese, that you will marry more than once.

LIFETIME.

BY C. H. WARING.

Only Time remembers
When the World was young.
All its dead Decembers
Only Time remembers!
Olden carols sung
By the long, cold embers,
Only Time remembers—
When the World was young!

We may be forgetting,
Now the World is old;
How the years have roll'd,
We may be forgetting!
All the dear ones cold,
Underneath the mould,
We may be forgetting—
Now the World is old!

Useless—Retrospection!
Life is all before—
Fled, the Past, and o'er!
Useless—Retrospection,
Things of recollection
That can be no more!
Useless—Retrospection!
Life is all before!

Life has its beginning,
But will never end;
Innocent or sinning,
Life has its beginning!
Death no soul is winning,
Souls to Heav'n ascend!
Life has its beginning,
But will never end!

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE people upon the platform were requested to "stand back;" the train was beginning to crawl out of the station.

"Good luck to you, Mrs. Deane—Mrs. Darkwood!" blithely cried Lord Tracy, bare-headed. "All success to you at Redknights—and don't let it be long, mind, before we meet again!"

But Aurora could only kiss her hand in farewell—a silent farewell—her dear eyes all the while glistening brightly through her veil.

Her lips moved—I saw them—that was all.

In another minute she and her husband were no longer to be seen; they and the great dingy station were left behind.

With something between a sob and a groan I fell back into my corner and shut my eyes tight to keep back the tears. I was journeying to Redknights at last!

When—how should we meet again? Heaven alone knew!

What would have happened to me, how would it be with my strangely-shadowed life, when next I should clasp my dear friend Aurora's hand within mine? Heaven alone could tell!

Ah, would that I could feel as bright and hopeful as she!

The future is ever as a wide lone sea, dark, awful, with many a hidden rock and whirlpool.

One's bark, as it were, is launched upon its waters to drift towards an unknown shore.

Happy are those that escape shipwreck, and sail at last safely into port!

I was scarcely in a mood for the literature with which Lord Tracy had so liberally supplied me.

In fact, being in no humor whatever for it, I forgot all about it; and where he had piled it, there it lay unheeded.

The landscape through which we were traveling was by no means attractive, with an east wind paralyzing the earth and its spring beauty, and with steely glimpses of cold blue sky just visible now and then behind the hurrying rain-laden clouds.

The trees, like living things, shrank in the cruel blast, which had no pity for the tender young leaves that only a short while before had rustled and whispered joyously in an almost summer-like warmth and sunshine.

It was a rude change. The pools and running streams which watered the pasture-lands, often lying low and dotted with farm-dwellings, had a dead slate-colored shadow upon them that nevertheless reflected, in a troubled fitful manner, the sullen scudding clouds overhead.

The dull surface of those pools and water-courses was furrowed with a thousand wrinkles as the pitiless east wind swept past, pinching and withering all things as it went.

From its fangs the cattle sought shelter within dry ditches under hedge-rows, or huddled themselves together, at times lowing dismally, beneath the spreading branches of some solitary meadow-oak.

With a shiver I turned my eyes from the car window, and, leaning back in my corner, again closed them.

The past week, those few last days of my pleasant sojourn at Arley Bridge, had been an active time; nothing of it had been wasted, even supposing that I had wished to indulge in aught of the kind, in idle regrets over what I told myself was irrevocably settled.

It was Leigh Eversleigh's desire, his decision: it must be mine. He knew what was best for me, I sighed.

And so there was shopping to be done; there were various new things to be purchased and to be made up; for, to begin with, I had resolved by means of small neat lace caps to cover my cropped dark hair, such head-gear, I thought, would be but seemly in the post I had been elected to fill.

Old markings upon my linen must be effaced, and new signs must take the place of the old ones.

Everything, in fact, that I now possessed in that way bore simply the two initials "F. D."—"F. D." and nothing more. Mr. Eversleigh had impressed upon me that I could not be too careful.

Aurora, ever practical and full of energy, was indefatigable in helping me from morning until night.

No soul could rejoice more heartily than did she in "the knocking upon the head," as she called it, of that too ridiculous idea of mine of joining a nursing sisterhood.

"It is only love-lorn heroines in three-volume novels and women in real life who can't get husbands who go in for that kind of thing," she said impatiently. "And since you so flatly refuse to stop and live always with Lottus and me, which is, by-the-way, abominably mean and unfriendly of you, and if you won't for the present have anything more to say to your own lawful husband, why, it seems truly to me that the very best thing you can do, dear Flower, is to go and live with your husband's people, particularly as Mr. Eversleigh knows all about them, and as there is too, it appears, every likelihood of your being eventually able to do a good turn for that handsome reprobate husband of yours. I am quite of Mr. Eversleigh's opinion. If a reconciliation could in any manner be effected between Daryl Darkwood and his own people at Redknights, I do thoroughly believe that he would soon become a worthier fellow. Now don't you? He is not all bad, far from it! Of that I am certain."

To this however I answered nothing. I was at the moment sewing away industriously at one of my little white caps; my head was bent over my work, and my needle flew fast in silence.

Then, moreover, at this time, during those last days of my sojourn at Arley Bridge, many letters were passing between Leigh Eversleigh and me.

Concerning every difficulty, and difficulties were continually cropping up, that arose in the matter of my going to Daryl's old home, I wrote to Mr. Eversleigh for his assistance and advice, and on each occasion of my troubling him his reply was prompt and plain.

One day there came a hasty postscript, "I know quite well that it is a difficult venture. Do not forget that I want to help you in it all I can."

And so, in one of my first letters to him, I inquired how I should decide with regard to the alteration in my name.

"Any simple name, I should say, would do," he wrote directly in answer, "that will fit your initials, 'F. D.' If you do not mind the trouble, send me a list of half a dozen or so.

I will return it to you by next post with a red-ink mark against the one which may strike me as being the best for you to appropriate.

Mrs. Eversleigh is impatient to have you at Redknights, and indeed reminds me in her latest note that I have not yet told her the name of her new companion."

On receipt of this I and Aurora, who grew most animated and enthusiastic over our conspiracy—our "good cause," she called it, at once put our heads together and made out a list of the nicest-sounding yet simplest names we could think of, each one of them beginning with "F.," the surname beginning with "D."

Back came Leigh's reply, with a thick red-ink line drawn round the last of all—which, as it happened, was "Frances Deane."

"Yes, that will do as well as any other," I remarked listlessly. "What does it matter?"

But Aurora declared gaily that it was the very one that she herself should have chosen, and insisted for the rest of that day upon calling me "Frances Deane."

"I have now written," said Leigh, "to Mrs. Eversleigh, and have told her that Frances Deane is still staying with her friends in Hertfordshire, but that she will be ready to present herself at Redknights at the beginning of next week. You promised me, you know, that you would be ready to start for Buckinghamshire at the beginning of the week after the present one. Mrs. Eversleigh, I need hardly repeat, is looking greatly forward to your coming, and is good enough to say that she is certain to be more than satisfied with what I have done, having perfect faith in my judgment and penetration. We are quite old friends, you see, and she knows that I should do the utmost in my power to spare her either annoyance or disappointment. With my whole heart do I hope, Mrs. Darkwood, that you will find peace, will be happy at Redknights."

Then, in another of my letters to Leigh Eversleigh, I said abruptly:

"And can you not, or will you not, tell me for how long Daryl intends to absent himself to keep out of sight? Do you not really know for how long he means to stay in the Saxon Switzerland region? Is he still at Schloss Rosenberg? I want to know. I do not like being kept in the dark in this manner, no woman would. Surely you can enlighten me, can tell me something about my husband's movements? If you cannot, who can?"

"Dear Mrs. Darkwood," speedily came Leigh Eversleigh's answer—"Daryl, as you are aware, went to Germany some few months ago—in January last, I think it was—to join his friend Herr von Rosenberg. He did not say for how long he should be away from England; neither did it occur to me to ask him. You may depend upon it that he is still abroad, or he would have appeared somewhere or other, we should have heard something of him in London."

With this scanty information touching the erratic life and conduct of Daryl Darkwood it seemed that I must for the present rest content.

Well, after all, what in the world did it matter to me where Daryl might be, or what he might be doing?

Were not our lives—his and mine—upon this earth parted lives for evermore?

As the fixed day for my departure drew nigh—that day on which I was to exchange the shelter of pleasant Arley Bridge for that of unknown and mysterious Redknights—I grew oddly feverish and nervous, often lying wakeful during the greater part of the night, thinking moodily of the ordeal that was ahead of me—that every hour, in fact, was bringing nearer and nearer.

I began at length to fancy that I could not possibly go through with this scheme of Mr. Eversleigh's. It was not possible, I told myself. I must altogether abandon the idea of it—even at the eleventh hour. However, I said not a word to Aurora about my increasing uneasiness; for I knew that she would have naught but raillery for my poor, faint heart, and I was in no mood for her good-humored laughter.

Late one night, alone in my own rooms, when all the household save myself were in bed, I began to pace restlessly up and down my dressing-room, thinking, ever thinking of Mrs. Eversleigh and the gloomy home of the Darkwoods.

"I cannot do it—I cannot go!" I exclaimed aloud at last. "No, I cannot—it is of no use; give it up I must."

A swift thought smote me. I seized my desk, placed the candles close to it, sat down resolutely with writing-paper before me, and then and there penned a long letter to Leigh Eversleigh.

"I am full of misgiving, my heart fails me terribly: I feel that after all I cannot go to Redknights," I wrote recklessly. "Mrs. Eversleigh does not know the true story of my life—you do not know it: perhaps if you did you would not suffer me to cross the home-threshold of any one of your friends, more especially that of a refined and delicate gentlewoman like Mrs. Eversleigh. Something within me to-night, I know not what, impels me to tell you my life-history; I feel that I cannot rest until it has been faithfully told to you. Never to living soul except Daryl, not even to Lady Tracy, have I once spoken of my dreadful past; never until this hour, when I take up the pen to lay bare to your eyes the dark and hideous truth. Yes, ever—ever until now—have I been silent; but you have been to me the noblest friend that woman ever had, and my conscience cries out to me that you should bear the truth."

Then, as concisely as I could, I confessed to Leigh Eversleigh all that I could remember of my childhood and my youth, of the loneliness and the freedom of my Moor Edge days, of the old man Simon Creeky and his sister Hannah.

I told Leigh Eversleigh about my meeting with Daryl upon the wild moorland, my flight with him at dawn from Moor Edge, the hurried marriage-ceremony before a registrar at Northminster.

My pen traveled steadily onward until I came to the record of that memorable night at Dresden, when for the hundreth time I had implored Daryl Darkwood to redeem a solemn promise which he had given me in the happy innocent time before he made me his wife—namely, that he would, after our marriage, set to work to discover the true history of my birth, the secret of my young life and parentage in the days before I was taken to Moor Edge.

"On that cruel night in Dresden," I confessed to Leigh, "Daryl, so to speak, threw up his cards, admitting at last that there was no secret to unearth—no actual mystery enshrouding my birth; because the real truth was—and for long he had divined it—that I was the child of Simon Creedy. Think of it—the disgrace, the shame, the unspeakable horror of it—a child, nameless, the daughter of Simon Creedy!

"Say now," I ended, as recklessly and as abruptly as I had begun my confession, "whether or not I shall go to Redknights—whether or not you deem me a fit associate for a gentlewoman like your friend, Mrs. Eversleigh."

I would not glance once through the closely-written pages of this long letter, lest on reading it over I should be tempted to destroy it. So, hastily folding it and putting it into a large envelope, I directed it to Leigh's old Temple address, and sealed the packet heavily with black wax. That done, I went to bed, and slept, I believe, more soundly than I had for many a troubled night past.

I had no secret now from the man who had been so good to me; and the still small voice of conscience within me seemed to whisper that I had done what was right. Any way, I felt a great deal happier for having told Mr. Eversleigh about Moor Edge.

He should now decide whether or not the hapless daughter of Simon Creedy should find a shelter beneath the roof-tree of the Darkwood family. By his decree would I abide.

On the day before I quitted Arley Bridge his answer to my confession arrived. What would he say?

In what manner, in what tone, would he write to me, now that he had learned the black secret of my life?

With quivering hands I broke open the envelope.

Thank Heaven, there was no difference, there was no falling off in the manner I had dreaded, no scorn, no loathing, no shrinking horror!

It was an eloquent, a manly letter, strong in expressions of indignation and surprise.

His amazement at what I had told him, his hot anger at Daryl's unpardonable indifference in the vital matter of searching out the mystery of my birth, were plainly too deeply felt for ordinary language.

Daryl's unnatural selfishness throughout had been worse than cruel, said Leigh—it was barbaric.

He could not have believed it possible—even of Daryl Darkwood!

"You the child of Simon Creedy of Moor Edge—of Simon Creedy! . . . Great Heaven, the supposition is too horrible!" Mr. Eversleigh wrote. "Never, never will I believe it! It cannot be so. Take comfort—be brave! Should I be alive six months hence, I will have proved it be a lie. As I write to you I am on the eve of starting for a trip to America in company with an old friend of mine whose people have for long been resident in Boston. It is a somewhat sudden determination on my part, I am aware: but the opportunity is too good a one to be disregarded. The truth is, I have for several moths past been feeling the need of a thorough change; and this American visit will, I trust, renew the man in me. In all probability we shall be away from England until the autumn; because my friend talks seriously of journeying to the Far West for a glimpse of San Francisco, the Yosemite Vally, Nevada, and other places of renown—taking, he says, Chicago en route.

"But trust me, Mrs. Darkwood, trust me, even should I fail to write to you from across the sea. The day on which I live to return to England on that self-same day will I set to work to unravel this tangled web of your life. I will take upon myself, if I may, to do that which should long ago have been done by Daryl Darkwood. With Heaven's help, I will prove to you—nay, to the whole world, if need be—that you are no offspring of the monster, Simon Creedy! Go to Redknights without fear, and prosper!"

I dropped upon my knees—I was reading this thrice-welcome letter in solitude—and smothered the paper with passionate tears and kisses—tears that were tears of joy and of hope, kisses of great and unspeakable thankfulness, to think that in the end the day might really dawn when my life should be freed—absolutely freed—from all taint of the horror of Moor Edge!

Could Leigh Eversleigh indeed bring this miracle to pass?

Fervently prayed I that he might—Heaven bless and help him in the work! And on the following day I had packed my trunks for Redknights.

In reverie, in busy retrospection, time soon flies.

I started. I looked somewhat dazedly about me.

The train had stopped, and the railway-porters were shouting "Maidenhead!"

At Maidenhead the ugly old lady in the green-and-black plaid cloak and the mushroom hat alighted carefully. She peered crossly up and down the platform. Apparently no one had come to meet her—perhaps it was no wonder!

The train moved on again. I had now, thank goodness, the compartment to myself! No one had entered to take the old lady's place. So I put up my feet to the opposite seat, and once more fell a-dreaming of the future and of the past.

I had found in my bed but poor rest of late. I was weary, tired out, and I dropped asleep.

With an effort I again bestirred myself, with a jump sat upright. For again the railway-men were shouting by the side of the standing train—and this time the name of the place was "Hazel!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE station at Hazel, I noticed in a moment, was a building of small pretensions—wooden, draughty, cheerless; a dull and dreary halting-place for a traveler condemned, say, to an hour of waiting there. One hour at Hazel, I decided, would assuredly seem like three.

Besides myself there were only two or three other passengers who alighted at Hazel—countrified looking folk, with carpet-bags and brown-paper parcels, who vanished quickly on their different ways.

The train, too, soon moved on again, disappeared, and I was left solitary upon the gravelled walk of the platform.

A middle-aged porter of slouching gait came forward and civilly asked me for my ticket; and then he informed me that if I was the lady that they expected "up at Redknights," why, there was a carriage waiting for me outside the station.

"The luggage, mum, can come on afterwards," said the porter. "We'll send that on up to ye if they don't send down here for it."

I told the man that there need be no hurry in the matter; my traveling-bag, which I carried, contained all that I should require until the following day.

The high-road just beyond the station palings was a broad and elm-sheltered one.

On it, and drawn close to the door of the booking-office, stood a small dark-painted brougham and a dark chestnut horse, with

a stout old coachman, ruddy-cheeked and white-haired, seated upon the box.

The clumsy porter, leading the way, opened the brougham door. The fat ruddy old coachman just looked over his shoulder.

"Mrs. Deane?" he said interrogatively—nothing more.

"Yes—Mrs. Deane," I answered quietly.

I stepped into the carriage, and was at once driven away from the draughty white wayside station.

It was kind and considerate of Mrs. Eversleigh, I was thinking, to send so snug a vehicle—which was furnished inside with a hot-water footstool and a magnificent bear-skin rug—to meet me on this bitter spring day; but of course her kinsman Leigh had given her to understand that "Frances Deane" must be regarded as no ordinary dependant; and so doubtless the mistress of Redknights, apprised of this fact, had treated me with greater consideration than she would have accorded to an humbler and less interesting stranger arriving in her quiet household.

It seemed indeed a beautiful country down here in Buckinghamshire, thought I, looking out at the grand green hills undulating and wood-crowned, but fast growing dim and gray in the gathering dusk of a chilly May evening.

Here and there one caught the gleam of water in some lovely valley amongst the hills, and sometimes the glint of cottage casements blinking in the watery light of the down-going sun—that is, the sullen little there was to be seen of it in the cold and gusty twilight. The village of Hazel itself, I learned afterwards, lay in the opposite direction to that in which we had come.

After driving for perhaps a couple of miles, we turned in at the lodge gates. The road hitherto had been tolerably level traveling; the carriage way in the park seemed suddenly to grow steep.

Then once more we drove briskly along, now through thickly-timbered land, until presently the ground dipped gradually again, and I found that we were going down hill.

The porter at Hazel station had called it "up at Redknights;" but the house lay unquestionably in a distinct hollow of the park, overshadowed—indeed darkened—by the noble wooded hills which arose and frowned majestically upon every side of it.

As I stepped from the brougham there was opportunity for a swift glance around me.

Redknights, I perceived, was very large, very sombre-looking—block-like, gloomy, baronial. The solid masonry might once upon a time have been bright-red; now, however, weather-beaten and time-stained, the walls were russet-tinted, splashed only as it were with red, and quite hidden in many parts by the knotted stems and ever-growing foliage of creepers which were nearly as ancient as the mansion itself.

A roomy terrace flanked the western side of Redknights; but the flags and the buttressed brickwork of it looked equally damp and moss-grown.

There was a sad neglected air about the pleasaunce and its sun-dial which lay there so stilly beneath that old terrace-wall.

And this great quiet house, with its many shuttered windows and hushed forlorn aspect, was the home of Daryl Darkwood!

Would he ever again enter it? I wondered idly.

And what would he say if he knew that I, Flower, his wife, for the time calling herself Frances Deane, and the paid attendant and companion of his aunt, Marion Eversleigh, was about to cross its silent threshold?

Looking back to that twilight hour of my arrival at Daryl's old home, I remember dreamily, and yet vividly enough, that there was now in my breast naught of fear or of anxiety at the prospect of my future line of duty.

All nervousness and all dread were wholly gone.

I felt strangely calm, perhaps unnaturally calm and satisfied, in my new and most strange position.

"I might have been here before," I mused.—"I feel so little scared, so little frightened, after all—in truth, not in the least like 'a stranger in a strange land.' How is it, I wonder? it seems very odd!"

A remarkably neat old-world dame—small, noiseless, active, opened the hall door and swept back some heavy drapery for me to enter.

And, greeting me in a quite motherly fashion, that had however nothing of undue familiarity in it, though at the same time speaking in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, she conducted me forthwith upstairs to the second floor.

We met not a soul on our way thither, neither in the vast dusky hall, with its ghostly armor-figures and shadowy pictures, the battered metal and rich frames of which glimmered fitfully in the cathedral-like gloom of the place, nor along the softly-carpeted corridors and spacious landings of the quiet upper regions. All was silent, fragrant, reposeful.

Perhaps the luxurious wind-curtains, which appeared to be everywhere, deadened all sound within the rooms beyond them.

Far from the intense stillness, the ghostly hush of the house, in any degree appalling me, a sense of infinite peace, a peace indescribable, seemed to enter my tired heart.

I began to feel as a weary and worn-out pilgrim might feel who comes at last, after much toil and much heart-sickness, unto a resting-place where he realizes that, without dismay, he may rest for evermore.

It was a sensation which somehow brought the tears into my eyes. I felt so glad, so thankful!

A home-like spirit seemed to hover over, to breathe throughout Redknights.

Yes, I thought dreamily, it was in some sweet strange way like coming home.

The room which my neat little old guide at length brought me to and told me was mine was a commodious and comfortable apartment, looking down upon the western terrace and the forsaken pleasaunce beneath it.

It was in reality half bed-chamber, half sitting-room, wide and lofty; a bright wood-fire burned in the low grate; a cosy meat-tea was spread invitingly upon an oval table by the hearth side.

With a full, and overflowing heart, I stared down into the depths of the fire, sighing without knowing it, and mechanically resting a foot upon the gleaming brass bar of the fender.

I became aware that with an anxious look the little old dame was watching me.

Somewhat nervously she smoothed out her white satin cap-strings, which dangled free about her shoulders, and came stepping noiselessly to my side.

"My dear," she whispered, "I am only Mrs. Jessamy, the housekeeper; I am old enough a'most perhaps to be your grandmother; I have lived here nearly all my life. And so, you see, you mustn't mind me; but——"

"Ah, yes," I put in, smiling absently as I looked at her—"of course you are Mrs. Jessamy, the housekeeper! I thought so."

"Mr. Leigh Eversleigh, I presume, mentioned my name to you, ma'am?" questioned the little old woman, with a sunny smile back.

"Yes," I answered slowly; "and—and I was thinking that I had seen you before—somewhere. But it is not possible."

"Well, hardly, ma'am," said Mrs. Jessamy doubtfully. "As I remarked to you just now, I have lived at Redknights nearly all my life; and I don't believe that I've been a dozen times away from the dear old place since I was a young woman of thirty or thereabout."

"No; of course it can be only fancy on my part," I mused aloud.

"My dear," said the little old woman hurriedly, laying a timorous hand upon my arm, "you mustn't mind me, I say, but I was about to ask you something. That is, do you think you'll stop?"

"Here—here at Redknights, do you mean?"

"Yes—here at Redknights," answered Mrs. Jessamy.

"I hope so. I mean, I should like to. It depends," I replied in a low tone, and a trifle incoherently, remembering that it is, alas, the unforeseen which always comes to pass!

"The solitude frightened all the others away," continued Mrs. Jessamy wistfully: "however, for the matter o' that, I'm sure they weren't worth keeping. But, do pardon me, ma'am, for the liberty; I'm taken with the look o' you, you're not like the others who've been and gone. And I can't help feeling that it would be the greatest comfort in life to the dear mistress if you could only make up your mind to be contented with us at Redknights. You are a born lady, and gentle-mannered, I can see; and—well, why shouldn't I say it out?" rambled on Mrs. Jessamy, with her kind and blithe old smile, "the others were not; indeed no, except Miss Strong; but it's years now since she went away. And those others there, they've given the poor dear mistress more trouble than they were all worth put together. They nearly worried her into her grave with their everlasting cry about the lonesomeness of the place driving 'em crazy, and such stuff! But you, ah, you, I am very certain, will be different! I saw it, knew it, ma'am—directly I set eyes on you."

"It is not always wise to trust blindly to appearances, Mrs. Jessamy," I remarked sadly, and sighed again.

"Trust, though, the instinct of an old servant that's lived with and been used to the ways of gentlefolk all her days," answered Mrs. Jessamy, bridling and setting in motion the white satin "streamers" and pearl-bead ornaments of her spotless cap. "An old servant like me soon detects a sham article in that line, ma'am, 'specially among the women," she added, with a sort of honest pride in the boast that did not ill become the natty old dame.

And then she went on to inform me that Mrs. Eversleigh was dining now—dining, as was her wont, at this hour, quietly and alone in her own part of the house; but that, when she had finished dinner, "the mistress" would expect me to be ready to go to her.

"I'll come myself, ma'am, and fetch you, if you'll allow me," said the little old housekeeper good-naturedly; "and, if you find that you want anything else, you have only to pull that bell-rope yonder and it will be all right."

I gratefully assured Mrs. Jessamy that I should require nothing in addition to what I already saw around me; and, when thoroughly satisfied upon this point, she left me and went downstairs.

Alone, I took off my bonnet and cloak, washed my face and hands in cold water, and made myself as severely neat as when, as Madame Fleurette, I used to sing at Mr. Binkworthy's theatre of varieties.

My long black gown was nun-like in its simple severity, its sombreness relieved merely by narrow bands of lawn at my throat and at my wrists.

Besides my wedding-ring, my sole other ornament was a smooth oblong jet locket strung upon a black ribbon and tied around my throat.

The locket contained the only portrait I possessed, a faintly-colored one of my dead darling Isla.

It was the work of a renowned London photographer; and Daryl one day had taken it into his head to tint the little picture.

As it was now, the likeness was life-like, perfect. Therefore, above all things, it was my treasure.

I brushed my short dark hair, and as well as I could arranged it under one of the pretty caps that I had manufactured at Arley Bridge.

Somehow upon my head the little light thing had or seemed to have a jaunty air it lacked when it was off.

I smiled mournfully into the looking-glass at my own reflection—certainly the head-gear was by no means unbecoming!

Then I sat down by the oval table near the fireplace to await the appearance of Mrs. Jessamy.

With genuine relish I drank some of the tea, but found that I had little inclination for the tempting fare which accompanied it.

With my feet upon the warm fender, and my hands clasped loosely in my lap, I fell into a brown study as I sat there.

I ought, I was aware, to write at once to Lady Tracy, and let her hear that I had got safely to my journey's end.

But I told myself that Aurora would not mind, the letter could easily wait until the next day.

Even were it written, in all likelihood it would not be despatched that night to the Hazel post-office.

A clock on the mantelpiece of my room chimed the half-hour after eight; in the same minute Mrs. Jessamy tapped at the door.

With a jerk, so to speak, I brought myself out of thought-land, and cried, "Come in!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IF you are now quite ready, ma'am," said Mrs. Jessamy, in her soft purring old way, "the mistress would like to see you."

"I am quite ready," said I.

The housekeeper started visibly. She gave me a keen admiring glance from head to foot.

"I did not think you were so handsome, Mrs. Deane, when I saw you just now with your things on!" she exclaimed, as if involuntarily.

"Handsome!" I repeated half-bitterly, half carelessly. "Yes; I believe I was handsome once."

"Once? Tut, tut!" said the little old woman. "What next, pray? There, come along, my dear; we must not keep the mistress waiting."

And without further loss of time we descended to the first floor, where the corridors were dimly lighted by crimson-globed lamps that were held in the hands of white statuettes in niches placed here and there upon their dark marble columns.

We stopped presently at a shadowy archway draped heavily with hangings of rich claret-colored cloth.

The housekeeper swept the wind-curtains apart, and revealed the mighty, almost square oak door behind them.

"These," whispered she, "are Mrs. Eversleigh's rooms. Poor soul! One may truthfully say that her life has been spent within them since the loss of her child. Come, Mrs. Deane!"

"Here, madman," I heard the housekeeper announcing very softly, "is Mrs. Deane."

Having thus introduced me, the little old dame making no sound, vanished; and I found myself alone and unsupported in the presence of Marion Eversleigh.

It was a fine room, spacious, lofty, though somewhat out of date perhaps in its solid Philistine comfort, which was hardly to be wondered at, as things were at Redknights, and with a faded old-world air pervading it that was at once home-like and delightful, I thought.

The long drapery about the narrow and deep-set windows was, I noticed, of claret-colored cloth, like that of the hangings in the corridor outside.

The thick carpet beneath one's feet was as soft as wood-moss in the early spring.

The atmosphere was laden with a dry subtle aroma which I judged must be wafted from the huge old pot-pourri china bowls and jars that gleamed in the wood-fire light from many a dusky corner.

A subdued tinted light, like the light that slants through some faintly-pictured cathedral window when touched by the westering sun, fell around me from the shaded lamps which illumined the room.

On a capacious old-fashioned sofa wheeled near to the hearth with its brass dogs supporting a couple of burning pine-blocks, lay Mrs. Eversleigh, a woman evidently some years past middle age, and indeed looking much older than she actually was.

She was so thin and fragile in appearance that the jewels she wore upon her wrists and fingers seemed to my pitying gaze sadly out of place, too painfully large and heavy, I mean, for the delicate hands of the wearer.

But, with the jewels, she wore a great quantity of exquisite lace.

A filmy hood of it graced her silvered hair.

The loose dressing-gown or tea-gown, whichever it might be, that she was robed in seemed composed of nothing else, and this wealth of most beautiful lace became her perfectly.

The steel-beaded points of tiny slippers just peeped from beneath the gown.

For some seconds I stood irresolute and trembling upon the exact spot where Mrs. Jessamy had left me; tremulous—yes, but not nervous, unless it was a kind of nervous joy which thrilled so strangely every vein in my body.

In that very first moment of my meeting with Marion Eversleigh my heart told me that I should be happy at Redknights—that learning to love the worn suffering woman upon the couch before me would be the simplest lesson that life could appoint.

With sudden yearning did my whole soul go out to her—was it more than common sympathy, more than common love? Ah, what was it?

"Mrs. Deane"—the voice that fell upon the warm and fragrant silence was low, gentle, sweet, with no note in it either of querulousness or of complaint—"will you not come nearer? I want to look at you. My voice is very weak to-day, as you hear. The wind is in the east, and my throat suffers in consequence. Take this chair—here—will you?"

The seat she indicated was by the couch-side.

Then I advanced quietly over the moss-like carpet, and sat down by Marion Eversleigh.

She looked long and earnestly upward into my face—a silent, searching look that I met, smiling a little and fearlessly, though once more that glad yet quite indefinable tremor was quivering through every vein.

Suddenly, with a slow sweet smile, she put out her wasted hand, afire with its beautiful gems.

I clasped it tenderly—nay, more, with something akin to reverence, I bent my head and kissed it. Mrs. Eversleigh smiled—looked pleased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMBER AND ITS USES.—The value of amber, familiarized as the substance is in "smokers' requisites," is far greater than the majority imagine. Small pieces, of indifferent quality, suffice for the mouth-pieces of pipes and for isolated ornaments, and though the prices charged for even such specimens as these are far above their actual worth, they are comparatively cheap.

In necklaces, however, where every bead has exactly to match its fellow, or in the larger articles, requiring to be cut from a single piece of considerable size, the cost and real worth of the fossil gum rises so rapidly that in certain cases it deserves, if the money charged for it be any criterion, to rank with the precious minerals, and many pieces of amber in the rough state are worth more than their bulk in gold.

Yet even this does not approach by a long way the esteem in which antiquity held their electrum; for not only was amber the oldest of gems, and therefore, in a measure, magnified by traditional reputation, but it was supposed to possess amazing occult properties.

It was worn all over Northern Italy as a preventive of goitre, just as it is worn to-day by the people of Arabia as a talisman against the evil eye. More powerful than sorcery and witchcraft, it was an amulet that made poisons harmless; ground up with honey and oil of roses, it was a specific for deafness, and with Attic honey for dimness of sight.

Nor is this claim for medicinal virtue altogether without foundation in fact, for its efficacy as a defence of the throat against chills—owing, probably, to the extreme warmth when in contact with the skin and the circle of electricity so maintained—has been tested and substantiated.

The ancients, however, were not content with mystic curative powers in the solid substance, for they ascribed valuable properties to it in combustion, admiring the perfume that resulted not only for its resinous fragrance, but for its healthiness, thereby detecting in the fossil pine-gum the same virtues that modern physic attributes to the living pine trees.

In many parts of the East, especially in China, where prodigious quantities of Prussian amber are consumed, this substance is preferred to all others for incense; and thus the Buddhist shrines in the palaces of Pekin and the holy places of Mohammedan Mecca alike owe the fragrance of pious fumes to the same strange, beautiful source, the dead fir forests of a pre-historic Europe. Nevertheless, the chief charm, both for the past and present, lies in the positive beauty of the mineral.

A NEW-MARRIED couple in Minnesota having become disgusted with each other, went to the justice of the peace who married them, and requested him to "undo the thing." This he agreed to do if the husband would let the wife have the household furniture, cow and pigs. The husband gladly assented to the conditions, whereupon the justice "unmarried" them, and then went with the woman to a clergyman, and was married to her himself.

JOSHUA BLAKE, of Boston, recently came into possession of a box of cigars sent him by his mother 55 years ago. He was an officer in the navy, stationed at Jamaica. His ship left before the arrival of the cigars, and they lay in the Custom House there thirty-five years. They were subsequently sent to the New York Custom House, where they lay twenty years more.

OLD Uncle Ned, upon being urged to finish a bit of plowing before sundown, said: "O'long; w'at's de use er hurrying so: dar's enudder day ter-morrow dat ain't eben been tetched yit!"

SUMMER'S MUSIC.

BY M. M. POLLARD.

Sunshine is over the plain,
  Listen to Nature's grand chorus,
Voice answers voices again,
  And the spirit of music steals o'er us!
Listen! the warbling that rises
  High in the o'er-arching trees,
The deep woods are full of surprises,
  As softly the leaves kiss the breeze.

Listen! the low mystic sigh
  That tells in the pine trees of sadness,
That steals like a requiem by,
  A minor key struck in the gladness;
Through aisles that are sombre and solemn,
  That even at noontide are gray,
Each tree a cathedral like column,
  Whose boughs sigh and whisper for aye.

The grass waves its low monotone,
  The insect hums loud as it flashes,
The water-fowl murmurs alone,
  As adown in the brooklet it splashes;
And children that gather the daisies,
  Chime in with their joy and their play—
All Nature resoundeth with praises!
  In the music of fair Summer's day.

BOLSOVER'S BANK.

BY JOYCE DARRELL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was one of those drenching afternoons in December, when roofs and pavements, gutters, umbrellas, and mackintoshes are transformed into so many mirrors for the reflection, more or less distinct, of lamprays.

In such weather the rich hurry home joyfully, the poor slink miserably into sheltered corners; cabs drive a lively trade, and a railway station smiles on the traveling public like a haven of refuge on a storm-tossed mariner.

Into the six o'clock express for Barminster (a sweet and dreamy, old-fashioned, yet prosperous town on the Great Western line) two gentlemen leapt, almost as the train started.

They were old acquaintances, formerly fellow-townsmen, and were glad to do the two hours' journey together.

One of them, as he settled down, gave a slight start and cast a glance of surprise towards a man seated in the corner farthest from himself.

A shrunken, forlorn enough figure, clothed in a long gray ulster, and wearing a soft felt hat, which quite shaded the upper portion of his face, while the lower was disguised by a long iron-gray beard.

Still there was nothing so very remarkable in his appearance as to explain the look, curiously compounded as that was of amazement and an odd sort of fear.

The expression vanished in an instant, but nevertheless the feeling which had called it forth must have remained, for the gentleman gave a strangely nervous and misplaced little laugh when his friend abruptly said:

"So poor Bolsover's funeral is to be to-morrow!"

"Yes. You are going down for it, I suppose, Feilding?"

"Of course. They have sent me an invitation. The death was sudden, was it not, Gerridge?"

Mr. Gerridge nodded. He glanced towards the silent third passenger, who had shifted his position slightly, and was apparently dropping off to sleep.

"Strange fellow, poor Henry Bolsover!" resumed Mr. Feilding. "There's something very extraordinary about his will, I hear."

"Extraordinary? You may well say so—at any rate as far as one of the bequests is concerned. In point of fact he has ordered £25,000 to be paid to himself."

"To himself?"

"Well, it amounts to that. £25,000 has to be put into his coffin. I suppose, if they do it at all, they'll put in a cheque, and meet the absurd clause in that way."

"How very strange!"

"For years past we have thought Bolsover a little queer. His odd, moody ways and his unsociability, and his peculiar style of dress, always like some artist-fellow, or ——"

The speaker broke off suddenly, and again glanced at the slumbering occupant of the distant corner seat.

"He was a bright enough fellow when we were young and I lived at Barminster," resumed the other. "He and his cousin, Ned Haviland, what bucks they were! So much alike in person too, both handsome fellows, and rivals in every woman's favor."

"Ah, poor Ned! He died miserably, I fear," said Mr. Gerridge. "Wildness was in his blood. But I have often wondered whether, if old George Bolsover had been kinder about that money, or his son Henry, now lying dead, had shown himself more grateful to the kinsman who saved his life, Ned might not have made a better thing of his existence."

"It wasn't in old George to be kind. He was harder than his son, and that's saying a good deal. The present young fellow, Arthur, seems different, I believe."

"Yes. Arthur feels his father's death grievously—more than one could believe, considering how he has been treated. By the way, Littlejohn, the cashier, has not been told of Bolsover's death yet."

"You don't mean it! Why?"

"He has been ill—invalided for a month past—disease of the heart, and the doctors say any sudden shock might kill him. On the other hand he has been fretting terribly to get back to the bank, and is to return there in a day or two, and then, by degrees, the news is to be broken to him. Littlejohn worshipped his master."

"Well, it seems a queer affair altogether. How long have you been in London, Gerridge?"

"Only since yesterday. Had to run up for a little business."

When the train stopped at last at Barminster the two gentlemen were recognized by the porters and the station-master; the latter coming forward with a special greeting for him who was now nearly a stranger to it, Mr. Feilding.

"I hope you are well, sir? Bad weather; but the rain was wanted. Good evening, Mr. Gerridge; is this your bag? Anything else in the car?"

"Only another passenger, who seems asleep. By Jove! he's gone—slipt away like a ghost while we turned to speak to you," said Mr. Gerridge.

"Was he a gentleman of the town?" asked the station-master.

"Well, no—I hardly think so, unless ——"

Mr. Gerridge did not finish his sentence, but smiled to himself, and half muttered—

"Lucky I'm not superstitious! Good night, Jelf."

"Mr. Feilding has come down for the funeral to-morrow," remarked the station-master a few moments later to one of his subordinates.

"I could have sworn I saw Mr. Bolsover himself just now," returned the ticket collector. "A man passed me his very image. It gave me quite a turn."

"More simple you!" said the station-master. "Mr. Bolsover is gone on his last journey, the bourne from which no traveler returns."

* * * * * *

At the late Mr. Bolsover's own house a mournful party sat down to dinner.

The lawyer, Foljambe, had arrived, and one or two other guests, relatives of the family.

They all were very grave, of course; and as for Arthur Bolsover himself, the only son and head of the house now, he was genuinely grieved.

It did him credit that he should feel so much the loss of a father whose death set him free from a galling, sometimes even a cruel, bondage.

For his father had been the strangest, the gloomiest, in some respects the most tyrannical, of men.

He was devoted to the bank, being a hard, keen man of business, and loving such money as he had for the sake of getting more.

He unbent to no man, unless, indeed, on rare occasions to the cashier Littlejohn, who entertained for his chief an instinctive, dog-like affection, into which terror entered as largely as respect.

The late Henry Bolsover would allow no partner in his bank, and accorded even to Arthur only the position of a clerk.

He kept the young man miserably short of money; never confided any plans to him; and repelled all advances by his icy reserve.

Yet Arthur felt a strange kind of pity for him, suspecting that he was not happy, and longing to penetrate the enigma of the inscrutable, stern, perhaps self-tortured nature.

But he never could draw any closer to his father in spite of all his efforts.

Of late, indeed, the breach between them had rather widened, for Mr. Bolsover wished Arthur to marry his cousin, Miss Martha Pauncefort, who was something of an heiress, and Arthur had other views.

Miss Martha Pauncefort was not at table.

She was upstairs, keeping company with Mrs. Bolsover, who was arrayed in a lavish amount of new crape, and plunged in the deepest woe.

Poor woman! Her married life had been anything but a bed of roses; but she liked being miserable, and enjoyed doing everything according to some standard of respectability that she had set up for herself.

And having now so excellent a reason for ceremonial grief, she would not have suppressed one tear, or abated the tenth of an inch from the black border of her new pocket-handkerchiefs, for the world.

So she sat in her own room, shrouded in bombazine and semi-darkness; and Martha sat by her with an air of acid watchfulness, intended to repel all attempts at consolation on the part of a frivolous, outside world. This bank residence was commodious and handsome, the business premises being in front, the dwelling-rooms looking on to a large garden.

"Is dinner over, Martha?" presently asked poor Mrs. Bolsover, after a fresh outburst of sobs.

"I will see, dear aunt," said the young lady. "Yes; the gentlemen are at their wine," she reported on her return.

"How they can drink it!" exclaimed the widow, and fell to weeping again.

"Men will do anything," said Martha.

"And the time getting on! Send Porter to te-tell Greaves that I must sp-speak to Arthur."

"Yes, dear aunt."

And Porter, who was the maid, having duly communicated with Greaves, who was the butler, Arthur, in the course of a few minutes appeared.

His mother, naturally, began to sob with loudness the instant he entered the room, that being the way in which she had received everybody for four days past.

Arthur, his handsome young face looking pale and grief-worn, sat down beside her, and waited in patient silence for her tears to expend themselves.

"What have you decided to do?" quavered Mrs. Bolsover at last.

"We are as much puzzled as ever, mother. Foljambe thinks we can disregard the clause altogether."

"Disregard? Not with my consent, Arthur. Nobody shall ever say that I disobeyed a single injunction of your poor dear father's."

"But, mother, this particular injunction is so preposterous."

"I am surprised at you, Arthur. Preposterous is not a word you should use on this solemn occasion. Your dear father wished the money to be put in his coffin, and it shall be done."

"But how?" cried Arthur, adding with a sort of mournful humor, "Am I to write a cheque and put it there?"

"Write a cheque by all means if that be sufficient," replied Mrs. Bolsover, with dignity. "I don't profess to understand business matters. I never did. I have always considered such things to lie outside the sphere of woman. But where my conscience or heart is concerned, my instinct does not err. And although of course I am nobody now that your dear father has been called away from me, still, wherever my weak voice can be raised in support of his wishes, I hope to make it heard. Mr. Foljambe may say this or that, and anyone whose judgment you prefer before mine may say the other, but I, as your surviving parent, feel it my duty to maintain that the money should be paid."

Arthur drew a cheque book from his pocket.

He had not long been in possession of any object so important; but a few days before his death Mr. Bolsover, albeit sorely against the grain, had been forced to confer on his son the power to sign.

With a melancholy smile he wrote the cheque for £25,000 in favor of Henry Bolsover, not substituting "order" for "bearer" as he generally did, but letting the latter printed word stand.

Then he handed it to his mother, saying rather wearily:

"Will you put it in yourself? The lid should be nailed down in an hour from now."

Renewed sobs; then Mrs. Bolsover began again:

"Certainly, I will put it in, Arthur. I cannot conceive that any hands have a better right than mine to touch your dear father. It is painful duty—the whole of this discussion, indeed, has been deeply painful. But now that I have triumphed, as right must always triumph, it shall not be said that I faltered at the eleventh hour through any yielding even to my natural grief."

And with her handkerchief pressed once more to her eyes, and with Martha preceding her, she swept slowly from the room.

Arthur did not follow her. The whole proceeding connected with the cheque seemed to him a mockery.

The room in which the coffin was placed had been Mr. Bolsover's dressing-room.

Things, by his widow's wish, had been left exactly as they were on the evening when, while dressing for dinner, he had been seized with his brief and fatal illness.

Even the watch and a ring which he always wore lay upon the toilet-table.

Some perverse notion of reverence—a quaint, superstitious feeling—made Mrs. Bolsover's desire that they should so remain until he was fairly gone; then she intended herself to collect and put away everything.

The coffin was placed in front of a large bow-window—rather an anomaly in a dressing-room—but the house was an old one, and full of anomalies.

Across this, thick red curtains were closely drawn.

A fire burned in the grate, a lamp dimly lighted was on the table. The atmosphere of the room was heavy with the scent of the flowers which, in beautiful profusion, covered all but the stern face of the dead.

Sometimes the departing soul leaves on the countenance a smile, a look that is as a message by which the living may gain of the vanished one some fuller, more loving comprehension than ever before.

But the face of Henry Bolsover had been impenetrable, living; it remained impenetrable, dead.

Mrs. Bolsover approached, lifted some of the blossoms covering the crossed hands, laid the cheque there, replaced the flowers, and turned away.

"We are to stay, I think you said?" observed Martha.

"I stay, of course, Martha."

Then she buried her face and sat down by the fire, while Martha went to the open door and held whispered parley with some of the servants in the corridor.

"What a draught comes from that window! It actually stirs those heavy curtains," she remarked, with a shiver, as she returned and herself approached the welcome blaze.

Two or three men presently entered. The coffin was nailed down; and, when the dreary office was quite completed, Mrs. Bolsover suffered her niece to lead her away.

A few hours later, guests and servants in the silent house had retired to bed and were sleeping soundly.

Mrs. Bolsover, poor thing, after weeping herself into a condition of nervous exhaustion, had dropped into uneasy slumber. It was broken by strange dreams.

In their respective rooms Miss Martha Pauncefort and Arthur Bolsover still sat by the fire, lost in thought.

The death of the head of the house affected the destiny of each.

But were now set free to go their own way and please themselves; a contingency simply undreamed of as long as the tyrannical rule of Mr. Bolsover had lasted.

Miss Pauncefort had been his ward, enjoying hitherto but a very slender income.

She was not to come into the bulk of her property until her thirtieth year, to which she was now close.

Mr. Bolsover had been at no pains to conceal that he should like her to marry Arthur.

The young man, however, showed no eagerness to meet these views; and Miss Pauncefort (who, when she had nothing else to be proud of, had piqued herself on common sense) possibly disgusted at her cousin's coldness, had done a very foolish thing.

She had clandestinely engaged herself to the greatest ne'er-do-weel in Barminster, and met him in secret with the zest of seventeen.

She had seen him this very afternoon. He had stolen in the dusk through the shrubbery and the garden to hold stolen converse with her at the deserted study-window.

They had been disturbed by approaching footsteps, and Miss Pauncefort had fled, as she now remembered, without shutting the window.

She began drowsily to wonder whether anyone had shut it later—whether she should go down to see; and while thus wondering she dropped asleep in her easy-chair.

Arthur Bolsover had other thoughts; yet they also ended in a love reverie. He had been looking over letters and papers of a date long past, and they had revealed to his knowledge many things which before he had only guessed at.

Very present to his mind was poor Ned Haviland, that cousin of his father's, once so bright and happy, who had suddenly left Barminster to plunge into the seething struggle, the vice and misery of London; only to be heard of again years afterwards, when a paragraph in a newspaper stated that he had been picked up from under the wheels of a cab, and carried, maimed and wounded, to a hospital.

Arthur recollected this circumstance and the stir which it made in Barminster, where Haviland was still pityingly remembered by some of the friends of his youth.

These had come forward and made up a sum of money, which they sent to injured man; only, however, to have it returned to them by one of the officials of the hospital, who stated that "Mr. Haviland refused to accept it."

Mr. Bolsover had been bitterly censured for refusing to subscribe one penny to this little fund, and Arthur, though only a boy at the time, could recall the look of gloom and hatred that came into his father's eyes whenever Ned's name was mentioned. A little later some person of more benevolence than discretion had inquired of Mr. Bolsover for news of Haviland, and been curtly answered that he was dead.

All this, and more, Arthur revolved in sorrow and shame, for within the past hour he had learnt beyond the possibility of doubting that his father had behaved towards his kinsman with a black and base ingratitude.

Had he felt remorse? Arthur wondered.

Was it the memory of a great service which he had never rewarded that had cast such a shadow over his later years; made him so silent and reserved; haunted him always like a spectre of the past, and explained, perhaps, some of the eccentricities which for years before his death were rapidly gaining for him the reputation of semi-madness?

Oh! for one moment in which to speak to the dead—to lift the veil that shrouded that inscrutable, silent mind; to penetrate the secret of its struggles; perhaps, with wider comprehension, to feel able to pity and forgive!

Vain longing! felt through countless generations by the side of every grave, and destined thus to be felt to the end.

Arthur roused himself with a sigh. All at once some softer thought came into his mind, and brought a tender smile to his lips.

He put his hand into his breast-pocket and drew out the portrait of a young girl—a lovely, wistful little face, that looked at him with sweet, confiding eyes.

"My darling," murmured Arthur, "our sad days are over now. No more hardship—no more toil."

And then he turned back to the old letters.

He was interrupted by a shriek—a cry of wildest terror, that rang through every corner of the silent house.

Arthur thought it came from near his mother's room, on the floor below his own. To rush to the door and downstairs was the work of an instant.

He was joined on his way by Martha—no whit less scared than himself. Above and below doors were opening and guests and servants alarmedly peering.

On the long and broad landing in front of her own bedroom—a landing fitfully illumined only by the waning moon as it emerged at intervals from heavy banks of clouds and poured its light through one unshuttered window, Mrs. Bolsover was stretched in a deathlike faint.

They lifted her and carried her to the bed—chafed her hands, bathed temples. At last she unclosed her eyes, looked about her wildly and gasped: "Where is he? Has he spoken?"

"He? Who? My dear mother, what

has alarmed you?" inquired Arthur tenderly.

Her trembling hands closed round his, and she answered hoarsely:

"It was your father, Arthur. I awoke suddenly with a strange feeling of alarm. I felt I could not be longer alone, and got up to go to Martha's room. As I reached this door I saw your father. I saw him leave the dressing-room and go downstairs in the direction of his study——"

She stopped shudderingly, and several of her hearers drew together with looks and words of alarm.

Every morning Mr. Bolsover had risen at dawn to go to his study; and there was not one member of his household but could realize with terrifying vividness the scene described by the widow.

"It was a dream," said Arthur, soothingly.

"Or a burglar, perhaps," suggested the practical voice of Mr. Foljambe from the doorway. "I should search the house."

Miss Paunceford glided swiftly away. She recollected the window left open by herself in the study, and was anxious to close it before the butler should arrive and have his reminiscences aroused or ideas stirred up.

If he really had seen her talking to a man, and happened to mention it, an awkward cross-examination would be the result, and her reputation for common-sense be rudely and prematurely destroyed.

The window was open; she hastily and softly shut it; then met the others at the door and said carelessly: "There is no sign of disturbance here."

Nor was there anywhere, although the house was searched from top to bottom. The dressing-room itself was examined; the coffin was undisturbed; and of all the objects of value scattered on the toilet-table but one was found missing—namely, a curious old cornelian ring that Mr. Bolsover had worn always.

"No burglar would take that and leave the rest, so it has doubtless rolled away somewhere," said Mr. Foljambe, who by this time had adopted Arthur's idea of a dream, and was anxious to return to his warm bed.

But Mrs. Bolsover maintained that it was no dream—that she had seen the spirit of her dead husband. She was not left alone again that night.

The next day the funeral was celebrated with befitting state, and on the following morning Bolsover's bank, closed the day of the funeral, opened its doors again to the public.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Posting a Letter.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT was an important letter, written by Mr. Charles Campion to Miss Amy Swansdown, and it had to be posted by that night's general mail.

Charlie Campion did not care to do this himself.

He had special reasons for not being his own postman; so he gave the letter into the hands of his friend, Mrs. Batseyes, who said she would be his Mercury for the occasion, and, sure as Fate, post the letter according to rules, and in good time.

It was rash, perhaps, to trust to Mrs. Batseyes; she was one of those good-natured, weak-willed, feeble-backed people of the world, who let all and sundry get their will of them, and who find "No" the most difficult word in the English language. She was a fat, pogy little woman, with light curls, blue eyes—a little vacant when not wholly surprised—soft plump hands, much beringed, and weak ankles that turned readily.

She breathed hard even when she was doing nothing and sitting still; but when she walked fast, or went up and down stairs, her breath deserted her altogether, and she panted like a lizard, and wheezed like an over-fed lapdog.

Moreover, she was short-sighted; but she admired the china-blue color of her round eyes so much, and was so reverse from concealing them by spectacles, that she stumbled on through life without the aid of science—passing people she knew, not seeing what she sought, getting into wrong omnibuses, frantically hailing already engaged cabs, and losing her way almost as regularly as she went out.

But she was so good-natured, and so desirous to do well by her fellow creatures, that she was continually made use of by those who wanted a helping hand, a word or a blind.

If a girl wanted a chaperon, or a young man a five-dollar note, Mrs. Batseyes was the chosen victim and the certain sacrifice.

If a servant had lost her character, Mrs. Batseyes took her without one, for the most part to pay in her plate-basket or her jewel-box for her trust in human nature and a plausible manner; if a pair of young lovers wished to meet in secret, Mrs. Batseyes spread her cloak over them deftly, and kept them concealed from parental observation—to be found out as certainly as the sun finds out the stain on the marble column of the temple, and with unpleasant results to follow from the irate authorities.

She was always getting into hot water for herself, or splashing it about for others; nevertheless, she was made use of; and Charles Campion, for his sins, disregarded the warning notice of "Beware" put up by nature and endorsed by experience, and entrusted to her the important helm on which hung all his happiness, and depended the whole character of his future.

It was Mrs. Batseyes' daily habit to walk.

In spite of her defective breath and untrustworthy ankles, common sense, as well as vanity, led her to do what she could towards correcting that tendency to obesity which already made her too much like a well-stuffed pincushion.

Hence she contributed as little as was possible towards the maintenance of cabby and his various screws, and trusted mainly to her own feet for conveyance within practicable distance.

Also, being a coward, she preferred omnibuses to cabs, and the underground to either.

On the day when she had undertaken to post this letter she had also agreed to pay a certain visit in an obscure neighborhood to a lady who had thrust herself on her, and bored her to death with her opportunity. But this was a promise as binding as any other—as the safe deposition of Charlie Campion's letter, say.

Little Mrs. Batseyes had that rarest of all gifts, a social conscience, by which she performed her social duties with as severe punctiliousness as those of more personal and moral importance.

And as she had promised this tiresome woman to call on her to-day, she would as soon have contemplated shop-lifting or false swearing as the breaking of her word.

She would pass the district post-office on her way, and the letter would then be off her mind.

Her one stone would bring down her two birds, and she would have nothing wherewith to reproach herself.

She had put on her cloak and was tying her bonnet-strings, after having settled her light curls as she thought most becoming to the round, fat face they crowned, when a knock came to the door and in walked her friend Mr. Longwinds—one of those prosers who descant on all subjects in every possible phase.

He was the biggest bore she knew, and she was the politest woman he knew; wherefore he came prepared for a talk of hours, beginning with the elections, the biographies of the new members, the misdeeds of the old, and the reason why such and such were rejected.

The topics were laid out like beans, of which not one was to be missed. Mrs. Batseyes sat on thorns.

The hour of her appointment was close at hand, and she fingered Charles Campion's important letter nervously.

She talked fitfully, and often wide of the mark, till even Mr. Longwinds, dense and self-satisfied as he was, saw that something was amiss and that he was expected to take his leave.

So he did, with very evident displeasure, and the poor hampered little woman was free.

She was sorry that Mr. Longwinds was cross, but she could not help it, and she soothed her sensitive conscience by promising herself to be as sweet as sugar, and soft as butter, and as patient as the spiritual essence of Job the next time this prosing old bore should call, and so to make up with him and be once more in smooth water.

Time however, had gone so ruthlessly, that she was now late for her appointment.

She hurried out; saw the omnibus she wanted standing this side of the district post-office; and got into it.

"There will be plenty of post-offices and letter-boxes," said Mrs. Batseyes to herself, distracted between her two duties.

The omnibus took her only to the end of the street, up which a long way, and branching off into obscurity, was the house where this female importunity lived.

Mrs. Batseyes walked up in the fast waning light, peering right and left for the letter-box.

Not one was to be seen—still less a post-office. She turned down a side street in futile hope.

It was about the lowest and worst of the district, and she was glad to beat a hasty retreat—the letter still in her hand.

She went on and on—past the house of the importunate one—the hour of her appointment overrun and her social conscience pricking her like a gadfly.

Not the sign of a receptacle where a letter might be deposited with any chance of ultimate delivery! She met a milkman in close talk with a local Mary Ann, and civilly asked him where was the nearest post-office.

"In C— street," he answered gruffly, "not a one nigher."

Now C— street was ten minutes' walk from where she stood—and twenty minutes added to the tail of the already overweighted and sinful kite, was more than Mrs. Batseyes, socially conscientious as she was, could bear.

She turned back on her steps. The post-hour was nearing certainly; but she would have time.

She would not stay long with the importunate. She would do her duty and no more; and she would escape while yet there was an available margin.

But she had reckoned without her host, or rather without her hostess. She, Mrs. Batseyes, had been asked for a purpose: for the heckling process—for inquisitorial probings—for a forced confession on certain sacred and secret matters of thought and opinion—and she was not to be allowed to depart too easily.

But before long the little woman's patience flew like frost-bitten glass put into hot water.

Her politeness vanished like the rime of the morning when touched by the sun. She answered all the questions put to her; rose to all the flies; submitted to the heckling. But how?

Patiently? politely suavely? Not a bit of it! with an undisguised irritation — with snappish objections—with fierce onslaughts—with the loss of all her customary good-breeding—she, Mrs. Batseyes, noted for her quiet suavity and friendly forbearance!

So the time passed, and she at last flung herself away, leaving an enemy, affronted, riled, rancorous, where she had an admiring friend! And Charlie Campion's letter was still unposted.

By now the evening had fully come. It was a dark, cold, drizzling evening—the rain freezing as it fell.

The streets were as slippery as glass, and Mrs. Batseyes had weak ankles. Peering ever right and left she still could see no no box.

She did not know which way to turn—the neighborhood was both intricate and unfamiliar—and that trick of losing her way in the light was a foregone conclusion in the dark, when she could not see the names of the streets at the corners, nor even guess at their direction.

Soon she had completely lost her bearings, and had not the "ghost of a notion," as she afterwards said, where she was. At last she happened on a flaring-looking grocer's shop, and dashed into it—breathless.

She had been walking as fast as she dared or could on the slippery streets. Her round fat face had caught the wind and was fiery red.

She had knocked her bonnet so often with her umbrella that she had knocked it out of place, and tilted it to the back of her head.

She could not speak for loss of breath; and as she scrambled into the shop she twisted her ankle and nearly fell.

"Where is a post-office to be found? This dreadful place!" she said irritably.

The men serving out their coarse goods looked at her and tittered. They thought her—well, we will put it mildly—excited; —unduly and ludicrously, but disastrously, excited.

At first no one answered her, and one prepared to jeer; but an older man broke in, and said a little sharply:

"Lor bless yer, Mum, where are your eyes? There's a letter-box just opposite and right afore you."

Mrs. Batseyes scrambled out of the place as quickly as she had gone in, and prepared to cross.

But the street was thronged with cabs, carts, omnibuses; and with her defective vision she dared not trust herself unless the way was clear.

She stood, and stood, and could have screamed with nervous irritability; but at last she dashed across, and narrowly escaped being run over by a lampless growler. She had no watch with her, and did not know the time.

Hesitating before dropping her letter, an old man came shuffling up. She asked him the time; she might as well have asked him for the loan of twenty dollars.

He could read the hours on the plate no better than she herself, and he knew no more of the clock. Then came, at a smart trot, a young errand boy, brisk, alert, vivacious, saucy.

"The time, Mum? Yes, he knew the time—just gone five. Letter-box hours? up to six. Quite right Mum; quite in time."

And off he went whistling. Mrs. Batseyes, with a sigh of relief, dropped the letter into the red mouth of the interjection, and, getting into a wrong omnibus, went off in triumph and contentment to be deposited about three miles from home.

The next day Miss Amy Swansdown met the rural postman in vain. No letter for her from Charlie Campion, as agreed on, comforted her heart and kept her hope alive.

What has happened? He had never disappointed her before—what could have happened now?

It was in vain to speculate, and she must not be seen crying. She had to pack up and be off on a visit to her married sister, still farther away in the country, where she could not even meet the rural postman, where she could neither write to, nor receive letters from her clandestine lover. She was to be there for a month, and this one letter from Charlie was to have been her sole solace for all that time.

And now it had not arrived, and she must bear her exile and loneliness as she best could! She never knew more of her lover nor his letter.

When it came the next day the parents opened it as, to their own way of thinking, in duty bound, and returned it without a word to the sender.

Whereof the effect was to send poor Charlie off to foreign parts broken-hearted and indignant.

Amy had found another lover—she was false, faithless, unloving, and everything she ought not to be; and he was a fool, a madman, and ruined for life.

There could be excuse—none—for her perfidy; for did not that dear good woman, that Mrs. Batseyes, swear she had posted the letter in good time? just a few minutes after five? and who ever knew her tell a lie or fail a promise?

"I THINK I've got rather the meanest husband in this city," exclaimed a little woman on the car the other day. Her friend asked her to explain, and she continued: "I found that he was smoking fifty cents' worth of cigars per day, and I got him to agree to give me as much pin money per week." "And then what?" "He bought a clay pipe and a pound of ten-cent smoking tobacco, and my income is cut down to two cents a week."

Scientific and Useful.

FIXING SPEECH.—A telephone that fixes the spoken words on a chemically prepared sheet of paper is said to have been invented by two young electricians of Munich.

LIGHTING RAILWAY STATIONS.—It is now proposed that the locomotives which carry electric headlights, shall be provided with an illuminator so arranged that a flood of light shall be cast backward over and alongside the cars. By this means the platform can be lighted by the engine-lights at the very moment when a powerful light is required.

HEATING CARS.—A Scotchman has devised a system for heating railway cars by the waste heat from the gas lamps used to light the roofs of the cars. This is done by means of water, a boiler being placed over the gaslamps, having two pipes descending from it, and connecting with two annular tubes under the car seats. The hot water circulates through these pipes and returns again to the boiler after having heated the car. It is found that the ordinary size of gas flame is quite sufficient to heat a compartment, though the consumption of gas is less than one cubic foot per hour. Congelation of the water when the car is not in use is prevented by mixing a little glycerine with it.

A NEW OAR.—The oars in common use are frequently rendered useless by the wooden blade being damaged from a blow or other accidental cause. Even when the edge of the oar is bound with iron, considerable inconvenience is caused by the warping of the wood or from damage to the sides of the blade. A native firm has recently introduced an improved oar, in which the blade is made of sheet metal, and is attached to the stock by means of a tapered metal socket, firmly secured by rivets. The new blade can, of course, be made in all the shapes given to the old wooden one; it springs easily, and is said to do away with splashing on entering and leaving the water.

LABOR-SAVING.—A striking instance of labor-saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans come rushing along in a continuous stream; of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of $15 worth o solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans is a day's work for this machine.

Farm and Garden.

BREEDERS.—Pick out your breeders from the pigs with long bodies, broad backs and deep, round hams. A good coat of hair counts on a hog as well as any animal. It is a protection in summer and in winter

PRUNING.—In pruning trees of any kind it is better to have one strong branch or limb than two or three weak ones. It is better to keep limbs thinned out than to cut back and make too close heads. Let the sun's rays in all through the tree.

STEEL GARDEN TOOLS.—New weed forks and rakes, made of steel, hardened and tempered, have recently been introduced. These tools are so formed as to give the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight. Gardeners who have experienced the annoyance which the breakage of a weakly-constructed tool causes, will know how to value these durable, though light, steel-toothed forks and rakes.

WEEDS.—If the field be heavily covered with tall weeds, and there be no other crop growing thereon, broadcast ten bushels of lime over the weeds and plow them under before they seed, as a green manurial crop. Allow them to remain a month, then harrow in two bushels of rye per acre, and the rye under when it is three feet high, turning it down with a chain, and next spring the land will be excellent for corn.

VERMIN.—Lice is the summer drawback to poultry. Old nests, filthy floors, and fowls crowded on the roosts cause lice to breed very rapidly, and as the vermin begin to attack the hens the production of eggs diminishes until very few eggs are obtained. The final result is that the fowls are debilitated from the attacks of the pests, and quickly succumb to roup and cholera. The poultry house must be kept clean and well whitewashed, while kerosene and carbolic acid may be used freely on every part.

SALTING PATHS.—Every one knows how difficult it is to remove weeds from the garden walk when they have once become rooted and grounded. Salt is one of the remedies most frequently employed, and the following is said to be the best way of applying it: Boil the salt in water, one pound to the gallon, and pour the mixture boiling hot out out of a watering-pot with spreading rose. This will keep the weeds and worms away for two or three years. In subsequent applications the solution may be somewhat weaker. It will be as well to take care that none of the liquid falls on the garden mould.

A CORRESPONDENT says that there are no daily papers published in his town, but there is a ladies' sewing-meeting, which answers the very same purpose.

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Volume Sixty-Seventh.

The fact that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can justly claim for itself the honor of being the oldest family paper on this continent, and of its kind in the world, makes the heading "Volume Sixty-Seventh" of more than passing importance. This term not only shows the inherent love of the American nation for good and pure literature, but likewise indicates the long term of honorable leadership and favor which THE POST has enjoyed with generations past and present. That it has arrived at almost the full term of three-score and ten is not merely a commentary on the flight of time, but also a matchless encomium and song of praise for the POST'S good work in improving, instructing and entertaining its continual series of readers from 1821 down to the present issue.

It, moreover, proves that the spirit in which the paper was founded, has been so closely maintained, that its friends have felt, in supporting it year after year, they were thus testifying their appreciation of its earnest efforts to furnish them with the best of reading—the best, in that it was moral without dulness; entertaining, without extravagance, and natural without sensationalism, folly or improbability.

We may say THE POST has ever tried to pursue its course within these limits. That it has done so with a fair share of success is exemplified in the line that heads these paragraphs. But, though a very patriarch with respect to other journals that have since entered the field in which it was the pioneer, THE POST feels that its closeness to three-quarters of a century of age is really and only its hearty youth. Although six decades and seven beads of Time's ever-moving rosary of years have passed through its fingers, it still feels itself strong, willing and determined to continue in its life-work as earnestly as of yore. And further assurances of this willingness, readiness or intention scarce needs be given than these: The landmarks and guides of the past will direct its way in the future. The road that has so gloriously led to its sixty-seventh year-stone will continue to be traveled with old-time vim and earnestness.

THE POST will remain, as it always has been, the most moral, clean, instructive and entertaining family paper published in America, and invites all old friends, and as many new ones as possible, to keep, renew or form its subscription-acquaintance, and thus see it make its word good. And, while it is glad to send greeting to so many homes and friends on this its sixty-seventh birthday, it naturally hopes, on future returns of the occasion, that the number may be increased a hundred-fold.

As regards the lungs, the more fresh outdoor air you can get into them, the happier and more comfortable you will be. But it is not enough to go out in the open air; you must learn to breathe when you get there. Most people let year after year go by without once drawing a full breath. A quantity of impure air always remains at the bottom of the lungs, like bilge water in a ship, and it contaminates the whole system. If you will breathe properly, you may get more benefit from half an hour in your back yard than another person will from a twelve hours' dawdle at the seaside. It is a very simple matter; breathe slowly, and breathe in as much air as you can possibly get into your lungs. When they will hold no more, then emit your breath as deliberately as you took it in. Suppose you are walking at your usual pace along the street; draw in your breath while you are taking seven steps, emit it while you are taking the next seven, and so on. It will make you feel queer at first; but keep it up. After practicing this every time you go out for a week or two you will be able to breathe in while you are taking eight or ten steps, and later on even more. Then note the effects.

No human being, however exalted his position, however enlarged and cultivated his understanding, can long be happy without a pursuit. Life is a ladder on which we rise from hope to hope, and by expectation strive to ascend to enjoyments; but he who has fancied that he has reached his highest hope or who enjoys the utmost of his wishes is miserable indeed; for many who have been most successful in their respective undertakings have given the gloomiest description of the emptiness of human pleasures. The pursuit alone can yield true happiness, and the most trifling object that has power to fascinate the hopes of man is worthy his attention.

No delusion can possibly be greater than that persons are neither the better nor the worse for their imaginations. If the invisible man is the true man, and in eternity is to be the visible man, then the imaginations which he allows must be of quite as much consequence to him as his conduct. Indeed, the imaginations of a man are as much his conduct as his most outward actions. His imaginations are his inward conduct. Outward actions are the conduct of the mortal man; but the imaginations are the conduct of eternal man. The one is his conduct in the world, the other is his conduct in eternity.

THE hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to our sense of the fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other we may sometimes rightfully fight, and there is a world of comfort in the power of action.

EGOTISM, vanity and selfishness spoil conversation far more than deficiency of talent. They render a man wearisome and tedious to his best friends and unendurable to others, and he is left alone as soon as courtesy will permit. On the other hand, a man who, with honest opinions and firm principles of his own, is yet sincerely interested in those of others, ready to hear them patiently and weigh them fairly, glad to see all sides and look from every standpoint, may be an excellent converser, although his gifts of expression are limited.

UNLESS a man is fearful he cannot be courageous. Unless he realizes danger, and is on the watch against it, he lacks the elements of a soldierly character. A child might be fearless on a picket line in time of war, but his fearlessness would not be courage, nor yet a substitute for it. True courage lies in the intelligent recognition of danger and in the determined facing of the danger recognized. Virtue is more than innocence. Innocence may be fearless; virtue must be courageous.

UNLESS a man can sit down with pleasant words on his lips, he had better eat alone. When the master of the house brings a gloomy and fault-finding face to the table, it is apt to cast a shadow, which not only lasts through the meal, but is felt more or less during the remaining hours of the day. Quarrel with your bread and butter if you like, but never start a quarrel at your own table in the morning.

IT is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fall in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

A GREAT deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say about you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas they are playing to empty benches all the while.

THE spirit of conciliation puts peace, love and harmony far above trifles; it buries petty selfishness, it inflicts no unnecessary wounds, it lends a courtesy and grace to actions, a charm to presence, a dignity to character, and a never-failing spring of happiness to life.

NEVER be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous if the person was mean afterward. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

"HE who would eat the kernel must crack the nut—he who would have the gain must have the pain." Right judgment is the kernel of the whole great nut of life, but to be gained only by pain and diligence, and the determination to know so much of the truth of things as we can get at.

THE habit of faltering, and distinguishing, and concealing, and putting forward the edge of truth, instead of showing boldly the full face of it, at last leads men into an insincerity so habitual that they really do not know whether they speak the truth or not.

THERE can be no high civility without a deep morality. Civilization depends on morality. Everything good in a man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great.

IT is not at every time and season that acts of beneficence are easily performed. When thou art able, then, hasten to do them, lest they should become difficult to execute.

IT has been wisely said, "There be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." I have a rich neighbor who is so busy that he has no leisure to laugh.

AN eager pursuit of fortune is inconsistent with a severe devotion to truth. The heart must grow tranquil before the thought can become searching.

NEVER risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well-bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.

HATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.

The World's Happenings.

The President's Adirondack expenses were $2 a day.

Two million postal cards are printed daily at present.

The payment of postage by stamps was inaugurated in 1862.

A locomotive that blows to pieces is a new mechanical toy.

A Cincinnati policeman shot and killed a man for plucking a flower.

Kansas has nine counties, each one larger than the State of Rhode Island.

There is a base ball club in Michigan which has a clergyman as a pitcher.

"The Soap Box" is the utilitarian name of a new paper started in Springfield, Kansas.

In Louisville there are more red-headed women and girls than in any other city of the Union.

From a health point of view wool is more suitable than any other material as the covering next to the skin.

Rev. Dr. Dix, as rector of Trinity Church, New York, received $30,000 a year. His assistant priests were paid $5,000.

In a New Bedford, Mass., school they punish bad boys by washing their faces. The punishment works like a charm.

In Washington recently a prisoner passed off a counterfeit dollar on a police magistrate in payment of a fine imposed.

Chicago has a Brutus, Police Captain O'Donnell, who ran in his own son, when he was found playing pool forbidden to minors.

Alum is now considered the best purifier of water, making it perfectly clear and sparkling without giving it any alum taste or smell.

A couple recently married at Santa Rosa, Cal., bore the same family name, were both the same age, and their birthdays came on the same date.

A minister in Somerset county, Me., has his sermons printed monthly, and sends them to those of his parishioners who do not go to church.

In Germany householders are allowed to treat trespassing cats and dogs as beasts of prey; that is, they can kill them in any way they choose.

It takes 19,270 bandsmen to make the music for the 469,139 German officers and soldiers who keep step to the martial strains of the Fatherland.

Nellie Lamb, of Fillmore county, Neb., aged only eleven years, and wearing short dresses, recently ran away from home with a printer named Kelsey.

A faith doctor near Richmond, Mo., has secured a large number of patients, whom he treats by hanging mink skins about their necks and telling them to feel sure that he will cure them.

A corn crib, 70 feet long and strongly built, was picked up by the wind at Chillicothe, Ill., recently, and turned upside down, the roof resting on the foundations. Not a board was broken in the crib.

A freight car was left at Chippewa Falls, Wis., by a north-bound train. It was marked "perishable goods." When the agent opened the door after the departure of the train out walked four tramps.

A North Carolina clergyman terribly disappointed an eloping couple, not only by refusing to marry them, but by arresting the bride and telegraphing to her father that he held her subject to orders.

The Mayor of Des Moines has been fined seven different times for violations of ordinances he worked hard to have passed, and now threatens to resign unless the police let up on their tom-foolery.

When a person becomes what is termed "blue," despondent and irritable, let him forego for a time the use of meat and live on a vegetable diet. An excessive meat diet will sometimes bring on hypochondriasis.

Strange things float down Snake River, Washington Territory, during the high water. A big warehouse from Almota and a fine-appearing dwelling, with green blinds and a chimney, passed Raparia the other day.

Bituminous coal prevents the wearing of low-but vests in many Western cities, unless a man be willing to put on a clean shirt every morning and to change it again at night if he be going where good clothes are worn.

The wasp, closely as it resembles the honey bee, is hungrily carnivorous. It will eat from a joint of beef on the dining-table a portion as large as its own head in an incredibly short time, and fly away with and devour it.

States adjacent now fear that the newly enacted law in Connecticut imposing a 25-year term of imprisonment on criminals convicted for a third time—no matter for what offence—will flood them with the offenders, and are anxious that some means be provided to stave off the rush.

One of the favorite pastimes in Texas is alleged to be throwing eggs at a darkey's head. The negro sticks his head through a hole in a sheet, fixed between two posts; three eggs are sold to the marksman for ten cents, and if he hits the head he gets $1. The darkey has the privilege of dodging, and is rarely hit.

A negro boy who was leaning against a tree during a recent thunder-storm at Atlanta, Ga., was stunned by a bolt that struck near him. He was seen to spin around several times and start down the street. After running some distance he stopped and went through the same spinning motion. He has been crazed ever since.

The Salvation Army recently made a raid on a Kansas town, and this is part of a circular with which they billed the village: "Smiling Hattie, from Wichita, Kansas, the girl who jumped out of a two-story window to get salvation, will be at the rink, April 18, at 8 P. M. Cyclones of salvation! Tornadoes of power! Gales of grace! Celestial breezes! Collection at the door to defray expenses."

IN COMING HOURS.

BY A. Y. H.

In coming hours, when all we say
Makes fulness of our bliss to-day
Has faded, as from summer sky
The sunset glories slowly die,
From gold and rose to dreary gray:

And I must learn as best I may
To watch it, as it fades away;
I think I will not moan or cry
In coming hours.

I think I will not utter "nay,"
Knowing that all things must decay;
Not even weep, or question why!
But o'er our dead dream, tenderly,
For blessings for my darling pray,
In coming hours.

The Angel in Blue.

BY R. TRAVENA.

THE little fishing hamlet of Faux in the north of France is but little known. The inhabitants of the town of Gren close by, and the families of officers garrisoned there, come to it in the oppressive summer months to bathe and breathe the sea-air; but the small hotel that has assumed the pretentious title of Casino is chiefly supported by invalids, who seek the dull shore for the sake of the invigorating breeze and quiet.

The fishers dwelling in the miserable huts are a hardy, vigorous race. Many of the men leave for the Iceland cod-fishing, and the women live as they can, catching shrimps or seeking bait for the fishermen who are content to throw their nets and catch fish for the neighboring markets.

You constantly meet women, some almost girls, dressed in mourning, with a coarse black handkerchief tied round their heads; they are the wives of the fishermen drowned and lost in the far-off seas, and the wrap framing their faces is the badge of their sad widowhood.

The sea is generally far out, and across the wide expanse of sand women toil with their nets, their legs and feet bare, and their short, ragged petticoats dripping as they walk.

Sometimes a patch of color varies the monotony. A fine strong-limbed girl with bold black eyes has a scarlet handkerchief on her head, or a little boy wears a bright red cap. But the old women, bowed down with toil and age, and the widows in their sad black, cast a dark lowering shadow as they stagger under their baskets.

Now, however, the sea was high and beat against the downs, where here and there a few stunted trees formed a kind of wood. Some boats were entering the harbor, a steamer passing from England, and some sea-gulls flashed white against the sky. The sun was setting, casting a lurid glare on the dancing waves and lighting up two figures, a man and a girl, standing on the downs.

If you examined the man, you could easily discern that some mortal disease was sapping away his strength, and that a deathly ashen hue often stole over his face. Though only forty-five years of age he supported himself with a stick, and leaned heavily on it.

The girl was enchantingly fair; her hair was so light that in some shades it looked powdered, and fell in feathery masses over her sloping shoulders, framing and softening the splendid carnation of her transparent skin, on which, by a curious contrast, the eyebrows and long eyelashes were marked quite dark. The eyes were of a limpid clear blue, and had an innocent, trusting expression. They were cast down now, and her fingers were playing nervously with some shells.

She was dressed completely in her favorite color—blue; her dress had forget-me-nots printed on it, and her large hat had blue gauze twisted round it, from which the lovely face rose like an angel's from a misty cloud.

The charm was so great that she had been surnamed "the angel in blue," and the rough fishers, when they met her, signed themselves and were tempted to fall on their knees before her.

The man's face was convulsed with passion, his voice trembled, and he staggered more than ever. The darkness of his skin, hair and eyes denoted his southern origin, and his blood seemed now on fire.

"You have mocked me," he said, seizing his companion's delicately-veined wrist, and realizing, even in this brutal grasp, how soft and velvety it felt. "You knew that I came here for quiet and repose, you know that I was separated from my wife, and yet you played your coquette's *rôle!* You drew me on, you suffered me to love you, and then, when I adored you, you turned round surprised and scandalized. You do not know the harm you have done me."

He pressed his hands to his forehead and a sob shook his frame.

The girl shivered, though the heat was oppressive.

"How could I tell?" she answered. "I thought of you as an invalid, separated from your friends, and I gave you great sympathy."

Her voice was marvellously sweet, and her eyes dangerously soft and clear as they looked up.

"When——" here she hesitated, "when I found you had mistaken my feelings I regretted bitterly, and did I not prove it by writing to you, expressing my sorrow at your sufferings. Ah, she cried, "I wrote because my heart bled for you, and now you refuse to return me my letter."

"You doubt, then, my honor!" exclaimed her companion. "It is for that reason you claim your letter! I have it always here," (he took it from his breast-pocket), "but I will keep it. Revenge is sweet!"

The girl turned pale. She saw no way out of the dilemma. She was the daughter of a retired colonel living in the neighboring town of Gren, and what would become of her if people knew she had written to a married man?

She had been on a visit to her sister, married to a wealthy merchant, who had built a villa close to the sea. One afternoon as she had strolled out, she had met this man, whose admiration had hitherto amused and flattered her.

The sensitive state of his shattered nerves and frame had rendered his passion still more acute, and, throwing himself at her feet, he had declared his adoration. His marriage had been a most unhappy one, and it is impossible to fathom what hopes the amiability and coquetry of this charming syren had given him.

She had laughed at him; then afterwards, haunted by his piteous look, her heart had softened, and out of pity and compassion she had written to him to console him by her regret. It was only a few lines, prettily worded, of excuse and compassion; but now a few hours ago the Comte de Villeneesant, struck by her ravishing beauty, had asked her in marriage. She had accepted him, and realized how this scrap of paper might compromise her and injure her prospects, for was it not the proof of her previous coquetry? But she claimed her letter in vain.

"Do I not know your ambition," said the infuriated man, "that while you laugh at me, you are seeking to be Madame la Comtesse! What will you give me for this letter? To me whom you have nearly killed! I will leave instruction that a letter shall be sent to you of my death, and then you will know I cursed you on my death-bed."

The girl now hid her face in her hands and cried bitterly, murmuring piteously:—

"Pray, give me my letter! pray, give me my letter!"

A third person had come up unawares. It was the Lieutenant Vaillant, in garrison in the town of Gren, the same town where Valentine and her father, the Colonel Dubois, resided.

He carried his gun, having been shooting rabbits on the downs, and his tall, handsome, elastic figure, and his proud, fair face showed to advantage in his loose sportsman's costume.

He was a young officer of much promise, having greatly distinguished himself in the Tonquin war, and having escaped with a serious wound that had proved so deep and so nearly fatal that the regimental doctor warned him that any violent excitement might make it open afresh and prove fatal. He was a great favorite with the Colonel Dubois, who looked upon him as a young hero.

"What does this mean?" he asked, angrily. "It is only a coward who would frighten a woman," he cried, his fair complexion flushing. "Mademoiselle Valentine let me claim this letter. I am here to help you!"

The devotion in the manly, harmonious tones was unmistakable, but who could help loving this adorable creature?

"This is, then, another of your lovers? I pity the comte," cried her companion, furiously.

His rage had reached its paroxysm, and, in a moment of madness, he seized the lieutenant's gun—unfortunately loaded—pointed it to his head, and the next moment fell down at the girl's feet.

She screamed, and would have thrown herself into the sea, but the young man held her firmly. Even in that frightful moment, he seemed in paradise, holding the perfect, supple form; then he realized the dreadful truth!

He held his flask, still full of wine, to her lips, to revive her, and then dragged her away.

"Remember your reputation," he whispered, trembling with emotion at being so close to her; "return directly, and do not betray yourself. Trust me always."

"What will my father and—the comte say," she gasped, piteously.

He scanned her face anxiously and earnestly, as if trying to read the truth.

"What has the comte to do with it?" he asked.

"He asked my hand of my father last night, and he was accepted," she faltered.

The young lieutenant winced as he had never done before, not even lying on the battle-field frightfully wounded. He, too, adored this splendid creature, and she had led him to suppose she was not indifferent to him.

But no reproach escaped his lips. He was young, just twenty-eight, had already a name in the army, and was handsome and well-born; but he only looked at her sadly, thinking, "How could I, a poor officer, hope to merit such perfection?"

"You are cross, you will betray me," she said, trembling all over; "and my letter will be found!"

"Betray you! Never! I swear it on my officer's honor," he exclaimed, passionately. "As for the letter, you shall have it, I promise you."

Then she fled, and he returned to the man left on the downs.

He was quite dead.

* * * * * *

All the young girls in Gren and in the *departement* envied Valentine Dubois's luck at the rich marriage she was going to make, and it was the news of the day. It was true Valentine was the beauty of the province, but she had but a small dowry, and Madame de Villeneesant, though forty years old, and of no very rigid principles, was enormously rich, and possessed a splendid chateau.

The old colonel had wished her to marry an officer, and had saved up the dowry that the Government required for an officer's wife, hoping secretly in his heart that it would be for his favorite Raoul—but who could resist a count?

The trousseau, engagement ring, daily bouquet, offered regularly, were discussed by every one, when suddenly more startling news changed the current of gossip.

Monsieur Colin, an invalid lodger at the Casino, had been found, with his brains blown out, lying on the downs, and an old fisherman passing by had discovered Raoul bent over him trying to restore him. The young man's gun was subsequently found close by.

It was well known the two men were not friends—Raoul had secretly resented Monsieur Colin's assiduities to Valentine—and, though the reason was ignored, they had been heard exchanging high words the night before.

A woman's scream had resounded, a tiny perfumed glove found, and a female form had been seen hurrying away; but in the gloom the graceful Valentine had not been recognized.

The old fisherman explained that Raoul had told him to seek a surgeon immediately, and that he seemed in a state of great agitation; but the father Benoit gave his evidence most reluctantly, for the young lieutenant was greatly esteemed by all.

Many a time when off duty he had sat up with dying men, while the relative watching them had thus obtained rest; and he had one stormy night rescued a little sailor boy from a wreck, exposing his own life. But all this could not save him, for how many men renowned for valorous deeds had wrecked their lives in a moment of passion?

His own account was most confused, for he did not know how to tell a lie, and with a white face and clenched teeth he related all he could; but how could he clear himself without criminating his love? And he was sent between two *gendarmes* to the large assize town of Danton to await his trial.

In the place where he had been previously garrisoned he had passed for a young man who liked to amuse himself, and though, since he had been at Gren, his adoration of Valentine had saved him from any other woman, he had completely hidden his passion from the world, and it was generally supposed some mistress was at the bottom of the tragedy.

Advertisements were inserted and detectives employed to find the woman, but, though the glove was traced to a shop in one of the adjacent towns, it was impossible to obtain any clue.

The glover owned that it was an extraordinary small size, and remembered that the buyer had been remarkably handsome; but he failed to recognize her in any of the women he was shown, declaring there was not one half as lovely.

But the "angel in blue" was above suspicion, and nobody thought of associating her with the drama. Raoul had taken the letter from the corpse, had kissed the paper passionately and hidden it securely away, and thus obliterated all evidence against his beloved one.

The old colonel's voice trembled when he spoke of his favorite's disgrace.

He went to see him at Danton, but Raoul only shook his head sadly, gnawed his moustache, and when he spoke of Valentine a brighter light, such as a martyr might have had, shone in his eyes, and his face brightened and smiled so much that the old colonel told his daughter he was quite gay.

"It was the dream of my life to see the poor boy *decore* and a general," he said, "but the whole affair is monstrous ridiculous! How could a French officer be guilty of such cowardice?

Valentine's heart echoed the same words, for she told herself constantly that it was impossible an innocent man could be found guilty. She knew one word of hers would release him, but why disgrace herself when he could not be punished?

A few hours after the prisoner's arrest, a sealed packet had been thrust into her hand, and she had recognised Raoul's military servant—a soldier who would have killed himself to save his master—hurrying away in the dusk. Carefully enclosed was the terrible letter, stained with blood, and a few lines in Raoul's writing on a slip of paper. "Do not fear, trust me. I will never betray you!"

She had cried bitterly in her bedroom.

"Poor Raoul! Dear, brave Raoul!" she sobbed. "But he will be acquitted, he must be."

The frightful anxiety that had pursued her about the letter being found, and thus criminating her, was allayed; but she was haunted by the dead man's face, disturbed with passion, and by the prisoner's noble conduct.

Her beauty at that time seemed more ethereal than ever, and her eyes had a dazed, languid, far-off look.

When the drama was spoken of before her she always insisted that the young lieutenant could not be found guilty. At last her sister, Madame Froment—who, by a strange freak of nature, was as dissimilar to her as possible, being dark, short and vulgar—and friends, agreed with her, to humor and please the future comtesse.

"She is so gentle, poor lamb!" cried Madame Froment, "how can she understand murder?"

The count was madly in love with his beautiful *fiancee*, and he gave her a splendid present filled with priceless lace and jewels, and in a few days she would be his bride.

It was the end of the summer; the fishermen had returned from Iceland, and there was a general jubilee in the adjacent fishing hamlet of Faux. The thanksgiving service was said in the open air by the little chapel near the sea, and when the count was seen there by the side of the "angel in blue," everybody declared he must indeed be enamored, for it was well known he was very lax in his religious views, and that he neither went to masseon a Sunday nor confessed even at Easter.

The "Icelanders," dressed in their best clothes, were kneeling on the sands, and their families surrounded them. Little tiny babies were held up to be blessed by the priest, and the old women's faces were bent so low in thankfulness that they touched the sand.

The wives clung to their husbands, and the young girls, as they crossed themselves, cast proud glances at their lovers. The waves' roar made a grand accompaniment to it all, and seemed to assert their power and mastery.

The groups parted as the comte arrived with his *fiancee*.

"There is the Angel in Blue," was muttered, and it seemed as if her beauty cast a halo and charm over all, and came to bless the success of their hard labor in Iceland.

Her fair, luxuriant hair appeared to form a halo round her face, and, as she prayed earnestly that the young lieutenant might be acquitted immediately, she had such a Madonna appearance amongst the coarse-featured race, that when a little child asked what the blessed Virgin was like, the old grandame pointed to Valentine, and the little one seemed awed.

The year before Raoul had been there, and he had bent his knee as the service was said, but it was the lovely girl he had worshipped all the time, as her dress, stirred by the faint breeze, touched him.

After the ceremony the comte returned

with his betrothed and Madame Froment, who was there to chaperon them and whose pride in her sister's splendid prospects was so intense that she strutted like a peacock, planning in her mind all the glory of the noce, and of the triumph of her half-dozen children's toilettes.

The dressmaker came that evening to try on the wedding dress, and when the comte was called in to see the enchanting sight—the lovely girl in the full pride of her beauty and her seventeen years—he uttered an exclamation of rapture.

"Beautiful angel!" he cried, and would have taken her in his arms; and then, remembering etiquette, restrained himself and contented his passion by kissing her hands passionately.

Valentine shuddered. It reminded her that one day she had allowed Raoul to touch her fingers with his lips, and the caress had seemed very much sweeter than the comte's, and she thought of the young lieutenant in prison—disgraced, miserable.

"But he must be acquitted," she argued, "for who could condemn him? He would be afterwards still more esteemed and honored."

It was the hour for the retreat, and the soldiers with their drums and trumpets passed by to the barracks. The lighthouse shone forth with its revolving fire, and the signal-boat on the sea flashed crimson in the distance.

Valentine turned away with a sigh; her bridal dress seemed to stifle her, and she was anxious to take it off till in a few days she would have to assume it again. The white shiny stuff glistened and assumed a silvery look, and the long-trained robe seemed to surround her like a cloud.

"What a charming countess you will make!" whispered her *fiance*. "Why, you look like a Pompadour with your hair dressed like that. Is it really not powdered?"

He approached it, touching the feathery curls, and Madame Froment, fearing he would be too familiar, coughed to recall him to order.

In reality, Valentine could have competed with any beauty, and her eyes and whole face seemed particularly soft that evening.

The old colonel looked up from his paper with a proud smile at his darling.

"The poor Raoul always said the little one, if painted by a good artist, would create a furore in the salon,'" he exclaimed triumphantly. "There is an article about him here. Poor child! poor child!"

The words had scarcely left his lips when footsteps were heard approaching rapidly, and the next moment the capitaine Loiseau, of Raoul's battalion, entered precipitately. His face was working with strong emotion, and he was so agitated that he, usually a most elegant cavalier, nearly stumbled over his sword.

A blue paper was in his hand, and he stuttered, so agitated was he, as he spoke.

"We have just received the telegram," he said. "Raoul is found guilty! It appears what lost him completely was that he was seen to abstract a packet from the dead man's pocket. This action proved premeditation."

The colonel started up with a fierce oath. "What! the woman has not been found!" he cried. "I was sure she would have the courage to come forward. The poor boy! the poor boy!"

It was so horrible, Valentine had not seemed to understand. Her face turned as white as her dress, and her eyes had a frightful horror in them; then she seemed to form a great resolution, tottered a few steps, and fell into her father's arms, stretched forth to catch her.

"Oh mercy, mercy!" she wailed.

"Hush! it is very sad; the world is very cruel," the old colonel almost sobbed. "Poor little one, she has her father's heart!"

Madame Froment looked up, scandalized, and M. de Villeneesant uttered a jealous exclamation.

"He has no doubt sacrificed himself for some woman," he muttered; "but such quixotic ideas are out of fashion. However, Grevy is there to commute the sentence."

"Ah, but the poor boy is disgraced! A French officer, who fought like a lion against those dastardly Chinese! If I had in my power the woman who has lost him I would strangle her, the minx, the hussy!"

Then a voice, so altered that it was almost unrecognizable, wailed out piteously:—

"You have her here. Good God, have pity on me! I am the woman!"

* * * * * *

Raoul's heart was broken. His counsel, Maitre Tetu, had made a splendid speech in the court, where many of the unfortunate lieutenant's brother officers had congregated. He recapitulated his glorious conduct in Tonquin, his devoted courage in times of danger.

"This man, as brave as a lion, as gentle as a lamb, is the one you would wish to convict of a dastardly murder, of shooting a defenceless man who was almost infirm," he said. "All his past life gives the lie to such a crime! . . . . Why did he throw himself into the surging waves to save the poor little fellow, clinging to the wreck? Was it not because his compassionate heart cried out against allowing a fellow-creature to perish before his eyes? Why is he adored by all the fishers? Would not their instinct have warned them against an assassin, dead to all feelings of humanity. The doctor's evidence showed that the unfortunate victim, in the natural course of events, could not have survived more than six months, and what was more natural than in a fit of despair, of acute suffering, he should suddenly put an end to his life! . . . .

"I demand the acquittal of the prisoner because he has shown himself in all circumstances a brave man; because even now, if he cannot completely whiten himself from this dreadful accusation, it is because his sense of honor is so great that he will not involve some unfortunate woman, who must have been witness of the tragedy; and because a loyal soldier of France cannot act as a cur! . . . ."

This was but a short part of his eloquent defence; but the mysterious woman had not come forward to explain the drama, and all was useless.

It was a most sensational trial, that made a great impression over the whole country, and fathers made their sons read it, as a warning to them.

Close to the strongest evidence—the gun—a little blood-stained glove was laid, but no one claimed it! It still had a faint perfume, and Raoul seemed to feel the presence of the woman he loved, and almost cried aloud.

He, who had always ignored a dirty act, who had been so courageous, so brave, who had suffered so much to gain his grade, was no longer an officer, but a disgraced man.

The old fisherman, plied with questions, had not had the finesse to hide the truth; and the fact that he had seen Raoul take a white paper from the corpse was drawn from him when he was called as a witness.

The lieutenant's servant was of course also examined, but he did not understand the importance of the letter he had given to Valentine, and, as he had sworn to his master not to betray the delivery of the packet, he would have died rather than not have kept his word.

Many of Raoul's fellow-officers certified to the honorability of his life, and were obliged to own that he was a gallant man in the minutest acceptation of the word, being particularly quick to resent the slightest impertinence or allusion to any intrigue.

The suspense and anxiety had undermined the prisoner's health, and when the verdict was delivered he seemed to feel his heart burst.

His military grade and soldier's position were taken from him; his mother had reproached him for bringing shame and misery on her grey hairs, and on an honorable name, and his cup was full of bitterness. But he had not betrayed his love, the "angel in blue"!

The newspaper reporters stopped in their writing, the elegant women of the demi-monde who had come to enjoy the trial almost fainted, and the officers and men turned pale as they saw his ashen face as he sank back exhausted.

He was asked, according to custom, if he had nothing to say for his vindication, and this seemed to rouse him.

"Circumstances are against me," he cried, "but I am innocent. I have never disgraced my uniform."

Then women screamed, and his servant uttered a heart-rending cry, for the prisoner had fallen prostrate, and the valorous man, who had struggled fiercely and successfully with savages, who had resisted the cruel deadly waves, was as helpless as a baby, and obliged to be carried out of court!

He was taken to the prison infirmary, and he muttered:—

"Thank God! I am going to die, but I have kept my promise."

All night, in his troubled sleep, he dreamt of Valentine and the dead man on the downs. He thought the "angel in blue" was by him, that his hand caressed the feathery splendid fleecy hair, and that he gave her back the stained glove saying, "In memory of me."

He awoke suddenly, feeling a velvety touch, and he uttered a great cry of joy, for Valentine was kneeling by the miserable bed, and his mother and the old colonel were close to her.

"You are saved, Raoul," she exclaimed in her enchanting voice, calling him by his Christian name, without knowing it; "pray forgive me—forgive me—but at last I have done my duty!"

Her face at this moment was more seraphic than ever, and the unfortunate man gazed at her in ecstasy, thinking, perhaps, that he was in paradise, and she was really transformed into an angel. But how could Valentine be in paradise? She was not dead! Had he not sacrificed his life to save her?

"What does it mean?" he muttered. "I have kept my word, I have betrayed nothing;" and when at last he understood the truth, that Valentine had confessed her folly, in his unselfishness he regretted it, and kept on repeating:—

"What heroism! What a sacrifice! Why have you made it? I would never have betrayed you."

He comprehended at last that his enchantress, his "angel in blue," for whom he had done so much, loved him, had always done so, and that his heroism had broken all the bonds of her egotism and selfishness. She now, aided by her father, stopped at no humiliation to clear the condemned man.

The letter was shown, the glove matched to the other one, scented with the same perfume, and the shopman had no difficulty in recognizing his beautiful customer, the loveliest, he declared, he had ever had. All the formalities were gone through, and the comte and Madame Froment turned away disgusted and furious at all the scandal and gossip.

Raoul was free now from all stain. The papers lauded him to the sky, and declared he was the glory of the French army. The officers, who had hesitated, shook him warmly by the hand, and in their enthusiasm and in the warmth of their joy kissed him on both sides of the cheek. Privot, his servant, sobbed like a child, and, what was more to him than all, Valentine loved him and was his *fiancee*.

But all his cherished dreams were not to be realized. The great emotions he had made his old wound open anew. His intense happiness caused him to rally for a time, but, as the doctor had predicted, he was a doomed man.

He was not strong enough to be moved far, but was taken to a charming little *chateau*, just outside the town, where his mother, miserable at the unjust reproaches she had made him, accompanied him, and where Valentine and her father, who had taken lodgings close by to be always near him, came constantly to see him. The young girl, with all the ardor of her youth and health, was as convinced of his recovery as she had been of his acquittal; but one was as fictitious as the other.

Raoul had seen death too often to be deceived; and when she babbled of future prospects and plans his courage failed him. He would scarce let her be out of his sight, and, propped up with pillows, would gaze at her, as if he wished to take the adored image beyond the grave.

And his *fiancee* never seemed to be able to do enough to satisfy her remorse and to atone to him for what he had suffered through her. All her charming coquetry was employed to amuse him, and her prettiest blue toilettes were put on to please his fancy.

Her luxuriant hair was dressed as he liked it, and he was never tired of touching and caressing it. She would then laugh joyously, for how could he be very ill, when he could assume such light-heartedness; for the nobleness of his character and his love sought in every way to save pain to his adored one. The shock was all the more terrible for her when it did come, and was a frightful expiation.

"I feel I am dying," he said one day to the old colonel, when he was alone with him. "I feel my strength is leaving me, and I am but a coward, for I have not the courage to die and leave—Valentine."

He pronounced the name so pathetically and reverently that his tone gave an incredible pathos to his words.

"It was not pleasant, colonel," he continued, "to die like a dog on the battlefield, and yet I did not feel as I do now. I should have scorned to dread death at that time; but then I did not know my beloved one."

The poor young fellow's frame shook with sorrow, and the old colonel turned away to hide the tears coursing down his withered cheeks.

"My dear boy," he began, but emotion choked both of them, and neither, though they tried, could utter another word.

The end came gradually, for all his strength had wasted slowly away.

Quite at the last, he started up and said, "Forward!"

Then his voice became marvellously sweet and low.

"I will never betray you; trust me, Valentine."

He was holding her hand, and, as he pressed it, he tried to raise it to his quivering lips.

Then he fell back and died.

The colonel did not long survive his favorite. The shock of the late events had been too much for him, and he was buried a twelvemonth after.

* * * * * *

If you go to a certain charitable religious institution in the north of France, and enter a large bare room, where little dirty ragged children are instructed, you will see a tall pale nun, whose costume is even stricter than the order requires, and whose patience is inexhaustible.

The only sign of anger she ever shows is when some pretty little girl denotes precocious coquetry, by twisting a ribbon in her hair, or any other petty sign of vanity. Her perfect features then assume a pained and piteous expression, and she reproves the delinquent severely. That nun is Valentine.

Lonely No More.

H. T. MARTELL.

IT is winter, and the bitter cold has locked up the earth with its icy hand; the brook is frozen over, and the fields are one vast expanse of hard snow, frozen hard and just like the white sugar on a bride-cake; no birds are visible on the bare trees bending beneath their load of snow, except here and there two or three starving sparrows chirruping at the cottage windows for a few crumbs, and an occasional crow, who forms a black spot upon the dazzling whiteness of the landscape.

During the whole of that day the windows of Michael's cottage—Michael the laborer, who lived at the extreme end of the village—had been covered inside with a thin coat of ice.

Little Madelon, the youngest child of the honest laborer, had remained crouching behind the stove, which, however, did not give out much warmth. The scene of our story is Alsace, where a closed stove in all the houses replaces the pleasant open grate where one loves to see the bright flames dancing.

However, this particular stove gave out but little warmth, and the fingers of the poor mother, spinning by the window, were stiff with the cold. She was obliged, however, to finish her task, as to-morrow was Sunday.

What is this merry sound of laughter, of clear childish voices and the noise of little feet, beating the snow in their wooden shoes?

The mother's face brightened, and little Madelon rushed to open the door with a cry of joy, and admitted Michael, her brother, and her kind little sister Katherle, who were returning from school; they rubbed their shoes, and shook themselves to throw off the snow with which they were covered, and the atmosphere of the room, cold as it was, appeared warm to them compared with the icy air outside.

Still they jumped to warm themselves, and Madelon danced with them. Apparently the patter of their feet did not disturb the mother, who did not bid them to be quiet; she was no doubt glad to see them gay, poor little things!"

"Look, is not this lovely?" cried Michael, throwing a large snow-ball to his youngest sister; Katherle had also a present for her, one of those long icicles, which winter weaves to the roofs of the houses. Madelon was delighted, and clapped her chubby hands, but her joy was shortlived, as the icicle broke and the mother, chiding Michael for making the cold air still colder with the snowball, which began to melt and drip on the already damp floor, threw it out of the door, saying, "Quick, Katherle, bring out the spoons, the soup is getting cold!"

"But father?"

"O, he will not come to dinner; he is threshing some corn at the Grange far from here, and will come back late this evening."

"Will he bring some wood to warm us?" asked little Madelon.

"No, my little one," answered the mother, "all father's money to-day goes to the shoemaker, but I will go to the Mayor with the thread I have spun, the lady is kind and will advance me some money I know. To-morrow you shall have the rice milk you asked for and on Monday father will fetch us wood from the forest. Till then you must try and keep yourselves warm by running about."

The children ate their poor soup, and being hungry, found it very nice. Michael left a few spoonsful for his little cat, lying among the warm cinders, almost inside the stove. "Poor pussy," cried Madelon, full of remorse, "I forgot you!"

"And so did I," said Katherle, putting back in her plate the spoonful of soup she was carrying to her lips, "but Michael thinks of everything."

After dinner the mother put on her cloak made her thread into a parcel, and left the house, showing the children what bread was left, and bidding them be careful, as there was no wood to cook with to-morrow. "Poor father," said she sadly, will not be able to warm himself this evening after his long walk."

"Do you think, mother," began Michael, but she did not hear, nor did she remark how anxious her son was for her departure, and that he did not say good-bye in his usual caressing way, as she left the cottage.

Michael's fine little face became very significant directly his mother's back was turned, and he said, "Katherle, I am going to the forest for wood."

"O, Michael," said his sister in a terrible fright, "you do not know what you are saying, a little boy cannot go alone into the forest!"

"O yes he can, when he's not afraid," said Michael grandly; "I have been hundreds of times with father to gather wood; I will not damage the trees but only pick up what is on the ground."

"I will come with you," said Katherle, courageously, "but let us be quick."

"O do not leave me alone," cried Madelon, "I am afraid."

"Mother told us to keep together," said Katherle, pensively.

"So she did, and," decided Michael, "baby shall come with us, her clothes are warm, and I shall take care of both of you."

Without loss of time he went to the corner where the sledge was kept, a kind of rude truck, used in these parts to carry boughs and logs from the forest. "How nice," cried little Madelon, jumping for joy. "I shall ride in a carriage!"

Katherle found in a drawer a warm knitted shawl and cap for her little sister, her mother always preparing such things for her little ones in her moments of leisure. Then with great precaution Michael put a piece of bread in his pocket for Madelon, who had a very healthy appetite, then the two little girls got on the sledge, Michael harnessed himself, and shaking his long flaxen hair like a young horse, he went at a rapid pace toward the forest. "Gee up!" cried the baby. Katherle amusing her so well that she did not feel the cold.

They had to pass the large frozen pond, where the boys of the village were enjoying their half holiday, sliding, jumping, skating and snowballing; all very animated; they called to Michael to join them, jumping and sliding to show how delightful the ice was. It was a great temptation, but he resisted manfully, and cried out: "Not to-day; some other time; besides I don't want to come!"

The boys laughed: "O Michael, the girl!" they cried, "tied to his sisters' apron string. O, you noodle!" etc.

Michael became angry, but he only stopped to make a large snowball, which he threw among his tormentors, hitting the most uproarious, Hans Schmidt, on the nose. This turned the ridicule from Michael, who went on his way to the forest.

It was black and dark, but he knew his way well, though he had never come alone before. He soon came to a place covered with large branches, half hidden by the snow, as the day before some woodcutters had come to prune the trees, and had left behind them some good logs and branches. Katherle helped actively, leaving the baby alone in the sledge eating the piece of bread Michael had brought. The two children tried hard each to find the biggest logs, and cries of joy were repeatedly uttered: "Oh, what a large branch I have found!" "What

a fine piece of wood!"

The baby having eaten her bread began to feel cold and tired, and Michael made haste to load the sledge, helping Katherle back to her seat. "Now," said he, "I will take you home, and come back and fetch the rest."

"No, I will walk," cried Katherle, "it will be lighter, and—"

"Do you not see that Madelon will be warmer if you are near her?" interrupted Michael.

This reason decided good little Katherle, who was very cold, and Madelon bending her face almost to her knees, her cold hands pressed in those of her sister, kept up her courage until they were at home, Michael going as fast as his heavy load permitted him.

This time the skaters on the ice were silent, respecting the bravery of the boy who went into the dreaded forest where rumor said there were wolves. Hans Schmidt quietly came up and pressed his hand.

"I am sorry I hit you on the nose," said Michael by way of thanks.

"I deserved it," said the other laughing, "but is it really so terrible in the forest?"

"It is delightful," cried Michael, "ask my sister, who is only a little girl; she was not frightened."

Arrived at home, Katherle carried her sister, who was fast asleep, into the house; Michael unloaded his sledge, and returned to the forest. Hans wanted to accompany him but he would not permit him, as his mother would be alarmed at his absence.

"My mother is away," said he, "and will not return till late, while yours is waiting for you now."

"Michael speaks as if his work were a pleasure," said Hans, rejoining his companions. "Yet it is not really amusing to pick up great logs in the snow."

"But it pleases him to get wood to warm his poor mother, while you are a set of good-for-naughts," said an old woman who had come to seek her grandson, leading him off by the ear.

Meanwhile Katherle was making everything tidy at home; she put her sister to bed, swept and sanded the floor as she had seen her mother do; she cleared the table, and arranged the chairs so that Sunday should dawn upon the room all neatly arranged as far as possible.

Michael returned with the wood, which loaded the sledge so high that the little fellow pushing it was scarcely visible. Above the fagots were some beautiful large logs, given to Michael by the innkeeper's wife as he passed.

"There is something to reward you for being such a useful little man," she had said.

"And now some bread," cried Michael, "I am so hungry."

Katherle thought to herself that her brother must be hungry after his long walk and hard work, and considering that very little bread was left for her parents, she pretended that she had eaten her share, which enabled Michael to cut himself a fine hunch.

After a time the hard snow creaked under the footsteps of the mother, and little Madelon awoke, crying "Mother!"

"Say nothing of our going to the forest," whispered Michael to Katherle, "let us give mother a surprise."

The hearts of the two elder children beat fast when their mother entered, trembling with the cold, saying "See children, what I bring you." She had received thirty sous for her thread which she laid on the table. Then, showing a loaf of white bread and a basket of potatoes, she said, "See what the Mayor's wife has sent you!"

"Oh! I do so hope it is ours," said Michael, who wished his mother to go into the kitchen, where he had put the wood. "You will cook some immediately, will you not, mother?"

"It is impossible, child," answered his mother sadly, "we have no wood. We must go to bed early, that is the way to get warm."

"But not without supper, mother, dear?"

"You have the white bread, children."

"Oh mother, cook us some potatoes!" insisted Katherle, while Michael's looks were so significant, that the mother, suspecting something, passed into the kitchen, the three children following on tiptoe; they clapped their hands at their mother's astonishment when she saw the wood, crying, "We went to the forest to fetch it, we all went together!"

"What is the matter?" asked Michael the elder, returning that moment from his work.

He smiled, well pleased, when his wife told him all, and little Michael blushed crimson when he heard his father say, in a low voice, "That boy of ours is a fine fellow."

"Yes," answered his wife, stroking Katherle's long brown curls, as she stood by the table busily peeling the potatoes, "we have very good children."

The father, however, laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and looking him straight in the eyes, asked:

"You did not take this wood from any forbidden place?"

Little Michael, whose honest eyes were a sufficient answer, and made his father smile.

"He always loves and fears God as you are at present," he said. "Those who act as you do are very likely to end like Balthas."

Everybody in that village knew of Balthas, a mischievous, droll, good-for-nothing fellow, who at an early age was the cleverest thief and poacher in the neighborhood.

He died of a gunshot wound received from a sportsman who mistook the wild-looking man for the game he was seeking, and thus he died, leaving his only son Balthas, a boy of fourteen, utterly friendless and helpless, as the neighbors shunned him on account of his father's bad character; the peasant Michael being his only friend.

Balthas, finding it impossible to gain a living in the village, emigrated to America, and though many years had passed Michael still thought of him, still loved him, and when the villagers spoke against him he always indignantly defended him, so that at last the most venomous tongue had long ceased to indulge in bitter and contemptuous surmises.

To-night Michael thought of his old comrade who had disappeared five-and-twenty years ago, and began to assure himself that he must be dead. The mother served up the smoking potatoes, and the father had risen to ask a blessing from God, when a hand knocked hurriedly upon the window without. "Who is there?" asked Michael in astonishment.

"A traveller perished with cold, who wishes to warm himself at your fire."

"Go quick and open the door," Katherle, said the father, when a tall man entered, wrapped in a large cloak, the snow falling from his hair and beard.

"Whoever you are, enter and warm yourself," added Michael, with the patriarchal hospitality which is one of the traits of the Alsatian peasant.

The three children, who never saw strangers, gazed at him open-mouthed. "What a fine blaze," he said, opening his hands to receive its warmth. Little Michael became scarlet. "It is my fire," thought he proudly, "which enables this gentleman to warm himself."

The mother hospitably asked the stranger to eat some potatoes, and he, readily accepting, devoured three-fourths of the dainful, the poor children looking on in deep concern. But when he had finished, he drew from his wallet a splendid sausage, some white bread, and a bottle of wine, and bade them fall to. "You gave me what you had, now eat what I have to give."

The children had never tasted such good things before, and the wine loosened the tongue of Michael the elder, never much inclined to talk. He entered into conversation with his guest, and asked him whence he came. The guest answered from America, a speech which made the children regard him with awe. What a number of countries he must have seen!

"America must be a very large place," said the elder Michael with hesitation, "but sometimes strange meetings take place . . . Do not laugh at my foolish question, but did you ever see in America a man named Balthas?"

"Yes, indeed, and he has often mentioned you to me; he told me to ask you if your father's old goat was still alive, the old black one, which you used to harness to a little carriage."

"What! he remembered that! Is it possible!"

"He told me also," said the stranger, "that having to quit the country, a poor friend, as poor as himself, managed to earn for him ten francs by breaking stones by the wayside, keeping for himself only a few sous."

"He told you that!' said Michael in confusion. "It was only natural, he would have done the same for me."

"As you shared with him, he wishes now to share with you," said the guest, throwing a large bag of money on the table. Michael gazed at him, then crying "You are Balthas," he dashed forward and almost seized the stranger in his arms; the terrified children clung to their mother's gown, for their father was sobbing like a child. "I thought fathers never cried?" said little Katherle, in deep affliction to her mother.

"Yes, it is I," cried the stranger, "your old comrade, whom bad times have led back to his village, and not bad times alone either, for he wishes to make the name of Balthas respected in his native place. You will aid me, friends. Here is the result of my long exile," added he, emptying the bag on the table. "It represents many a day of toil and pain, but not a sou has been dishonestly gained. Once more I say it, let us share."

Michael's wife looked afraid. "My mother always told me," murmured she, "that riches were a temptation, that they troubled the conscience and made the heart hard."

"Do not be afraid," said Balthas, laughing; "there is not enough to enable your children to live without working, but the soil they cultivate will be a heritage they can hand down to your grandchildren, that is all. They will surely not be the worse for owning a little land?"

The wife in her gratitude timidly raised Balthas' hand to her lips. All was so sudden, so beautiful, so hopeful, so unexpected! "Thank God!" said she.

And Balthas, drawing Michael's three children to his knee, said, with a happy smile:

"I am no longer a lonely man, for I now have a family."

THE male wasp never stings. But so long as he and his sisters are twins and dress exactly alike this bit of knowledge availeth nothing to the careless man who does not know that it is the lady who is approaching him, until it be that she smiteth him with her bustle. What humanity demands of science in the case of the wasp is the invention of some prompter method of distinguishing between monsieur and madamwazzle at forty yards.

"I WAS not always in this station of life," said the hack-driver plaintively, as he reached for his fee. "Indeed?" "No, sir; at one time I was a well-known and promising lawyer." "Well, how do you feel over your promotion?" was the unfeeling rejoinder.

CHARACTER IN BACKS.

WILL you introduce me to that lady? I like her back." Many years ago in Scotland this was asked of the hostess, one night, when the evening circle were scattered about a drawing-room, and the man who spoke had not yet seen the lady's face. An introduction followed—a friendship—a marriage. No doubt he was a most discriminating man, and knew that there is a character in backs.

For that matter our character comes out all over us, willing or unwilling, and even in our handwriting. Lavater, who was so wondrous wise in the looks of humankind, said that from a single finger we ought to be able to guess a whole individual. But the back—ah! there is the whole individual, an easy study—the whole of him, his figure and walk, his shoulders moulded by the habits of his life, the carriage of the head, the wearing of the clothing. Face to face we see the man as he desires to be seen by us; but behind his back we take him by surprise, and catch sight of his character.

Follow the thoughtful man, as he wanders through the streets, seeing nothing. He has polished his hat and tightened his umbrella to the last degree, not because he cared for the polish and the tightness, but because his mind was elsewhere while he risked brushing the nap off the hat and splitting the umbrella. While he walks his head and shoulders bend; one knows that his eyes seek the ground, just as one sees his foot linger upon it.

Very different from what we may call the refined and intellectual back, is the back of the broad and vulgar figure who struts past us as if he owned the street, or, at least, the foot-walk, where he takes up half the space between his striding feet and his self-assertive umbrella. His glory is not in his mind or heart—but in his pocket. He would be always conscious of his purse, even if he had not his hand bulging out the pocket where it lives—of course, one knows by his back that the pocket is bulging with the proud possession of a fat purse, and the knowledge of the banking account, and of all he might, could, would and should do in the world.

The purse-proud man will never hand money out of that pocket for charity, unless he is pretty sure that there shall be a printed list of subscribers. Not so the wealthy man who has a heart above gold. Look at him—a back view—as he stands at a public meeting, called together at some time of calamity or need. He is sure to be there. If the hall is overcrowded, you can see him standing, never complaining of the lack of seats; he is there for the comfort of others; he forgets his own. He is a large-hearted man; and everything about him is large. The big hands are only waiting behind him to give freely. The broad back can bear a good share of others' burdens. The coat sits loosely, but not more loosely than fortune sits upon him—he would slip it off for another's need.

As for the back of the rogue, it is of infinite variety. If there were only one sort, we might all make what soldiers would call a reconnoissance to the rear, and detect and outwit him; but his name is Legion. There is a sharp dealer of the business world, who is remarkably spruce at the back; and the adventurer of society, who can be "like the first gentleman in Europe; and ten thousand more varieties, but the back tells them all.

But we must not grow melancholy, though we can never see a smile at the back. Who is this individual that comes a-trilling by, knocking off a few and dragging his shoes, and losing his property from sheer inability to remember that he has got it? There is an old saying, a significant one, to describe a man of weak character—that he has "no backbone in him."

We are afraid there is not much backbone in the man who walks as if not quite sure where he is going to, who drops his letters, and never cares to straighten his shoulders. Follow him, and note how his hat points backward, and you know from the angles to which he has set his hat and his whiskers that, seen front-face, his aspect is (to use the mildest word) not wise, and that, as a fashion-book once said, "the mouth is worn slightly open." Still, he is a good-natured fellow, and by some instinct we read on his back that he has an ambition to be amusing.

But there is such a thing as having too much backbone; and that is rather worse than having too little. When a man has too much backbone, his heart is not, as people say, "in the right place;" sometimes there is no room in him for a heart at all.

Now, there are some men in whom force of character is carried into the extreme, and becomes hardness and habitual severity. They are the ogres of the real world, and their homes are dens. A severe back is a pleasanter sight to see than a severe face. One does not care to be round at the other side.

It is not what we would call the just and righteously indignant back, which is straight and noble, a fine thing and a venerable. It is the bulldog-shouldered back that denotes the domestic ogre. His bald head shines; one knows that in the front the veins are bursting.

There are, indeed, many backs that are more genial by seen than the corresponding faces. The back of the boor is a ghastly sight, while, on the other hand, what good-bye so grievous, how much precious regard is wasted on the dear, characteristic, well-known back, that never knows what loving looks went after it!

"YES, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season, when hired girls want three dollars a week."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At a late meeting of the London School Board a proposal was laid before the Board that in addition to the schools being places of education by day, they should be used for entertainment by night. It was hoped to have [illegible] and recitations on each evening, while on special evenings there would be shorter or fuller entertainments, or popular lectures in science, natural history, illustrated with experiments and by the magic lantern.

Enemies of early rising will be delighted to hear the opinion of a German doctor who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, and finds that the majority of long livers indulged in late hours. At least eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed until well into the small hours, and did not get up again till late in the day. Indeed, he considers that getting up early tends to shorten life, while the so-called invigorating early hours are apt to produce lassitude, and are positively dangerous to some constitutions.

"Some of my best trade," said a tobacconist recently, "comes from women. Often several women assemble at one house, shut out the out-side world, and enjoy a regular old-fashioned smoke, just like the men at the club room. Most of the women smoke only cigarettes, but after awhile these are not strong enough, and they must have cigars. One customer in particular I have, a wealthy widow, who would be deeply offended did any gentleman smoke in her presence, and yet, I venture to say, no man enjoys a good cigar better than she."

In a foreign exhibition there is shown a novel and very beautiful application of glass in the manufacture of neckties, etc. The operator takes a piece of glass rod, and, applying a blow-pipe, reduces it speedily to a pliant rod mass. An end of this is carried to a revolving metal wheel, and the hot, silky-looking thread of glass is rapidly drawn out to an astonishing fineness. When taken off the wheel it is so soft and flexible that it forms elegant neckties and articles of like character, which as novelties seem to command a fair sale. There is no reason why this process should not be carried much further, and the last and "sweetest" thing in mantles or dresses may be made of glass.

Street cars in Mexico, says a letter from that city, run in groups, one never being seen alone nor two together, but always three or four in a row less than half a block apart. Instead of starting from the terminus one every five or ten minutes, several are started at once every half hour. To run each car it requires two conductors besides the driver, and also in many places two or three soldiers armed cap-a-pie. The first conductor approaches a passenger, sells him a ticket, and pockets the money, and soon the second conductor comes along and takes up the bit of printed pasteboard; meanwhile the brass-buttoned guardians of the peace stand glowering upon you with suspicious eyes and loaded carbines. In some respects the double conductor system is better than the "punch-in-the-presence-of-the-passengaire" mode of the United States, but though the soldiers are [illegible] to insure the safety of the passengers from robbers and revolutionists, a timid person is somewhat worried by the presence of the passe-partout danger they are supposed to avert.

The old practical joke of a half dozen young fellows raising dripping wet umbrellas in the main doorway of a public hall at the close of an entertainment before a crowded house on a starlight night was played with entire success few evenings ago in Harlem. The news of the unexpected and most unwelcome storm was communicated to others by those of the audience that first saw the umbrellas, and in that way it became the exciting and exclusive subject of conversation throughout the building. Gentlemen carefully covered their silk tiles with their handkerchiefs, rolled up the ends of the legs of their trousers, and turned up their coat collars. Ladies prepared themselves in the conventional way for a provoking walk to the cars, and others sent their gallant escorts flying after umbrellas, coaches and waterproofs. In about ten minutes the real state of things, the pretty how-to-do, had been discovered, and then came unbounded hilarity and a resolve on the part of the weather-bound boys to try it somewhere themselves.

THE WIFE'S PLACE.—In [illegible] in Hindostan, the wife was obliged to stand and wait upon her husband while he was eating, and to be contented with such food as was left after his wants were satisfied. In the Society Islands, while Paganism reigned, woman were not only thus compelled to wait upon [illegible], but were debarred, [illegible] from all kinds of food which were most highly esteemed. Hence the pork, the fowl, the [illegible], the shark, and various kinds of fish were forbidden them. Nor were they ever allowed to eat in the same house with the men, nor to cook their food at the same fire, nor to put it into the same vessels. The transgression of these rules involved immediate drowning or strangulation.

Our Young Folks.

THE ROSE-ELF.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

THERE grew a rose tree in the middle of a garden; it was quite full of roses; and in one of these, the prettiest of them all, dwelt an elf.

He was so very, small that no human eye could see him: behind every leaf in the rose he had a sleeping room; he was as well-formed and as pretty as any child could be, and had wings, which reached from his shoulders down to his feet.

Oh, how fragrant were his chambers, and how bright and beautiful the walls were! They were, indeed, the pale pink, delicate rose leaves.

All day long he enjoyed himself in the warm sunshine, flew from flower to flower, danced upon the wings of the fluttering butterfly, or counted how many spaces it was from one footpath to another, upon one single lime leaf.

What he considered as footpaths, were what we call veins in the leaf; yes, it was an immense way for him! Before he had finished, the sun had set; thus, he had begun too late.

It became very cold; the dew fell, and the wind blew; the best thing he could do was to get home as fast as he could. He made as much haste as was possible, but all the roses had closed—he could not get in; there was not one single rose open; the poor little elf was quite terrified, he had never been out in the night before, he always had slept in the snug little rose leaf. Now, he certainly would get his death of cold.

At the other end of the garden he knew that there was an arbor, all covered with beautiful honeysuckle. The flowers looked like exquisitely painted horns; he determined to creep down into one of these, and sleep there till morning.

He flew thither. Listen! There are two people within the bower; the one, a handsome young man, and the other, the loveliest young lady that ever was seen.

They sat side by side, and wished that they never might be parted, through all eternity. They loved each other very dearly, more dearly than the best child can love either its father or mother.

They kissed each other; and the young lady wept, and gave him a rose; but before she gave it to him she pressed it to her lips, and that with such a deep tenderness that the rose opened, and the little elf flew into it, and nestled down in its fragrant chamber.

As he lay there, he could very plainly hear that they said—farewell! farewell! to each other; and then he felt that the rose had its place on the young man's breast. Oh, how his heart beat! The little elf could not go to sleep because the young man's heart beat so much.

The rose lay there; the young man took it forth whilst he went through a dark wood, and kissed it with such vehemance that the little elf was almost crushed to death; he could feel, through the leaves, how warm were the young man's lips, and the rose gave forth its odor, as if to the noonday's sun.

Then came another man through the wood; he was dark and wrathful, and was the handsome young lady's cruel brother. He drew forth from its sheath a long and sharp dagger, and whilst the young man kissed the rose, the wicked man stabbed him to death, and then buried him in the bloody earth, under a lime tree.

"Now he is gone and forgotten," thought the wicked man; "he will never come back again. He is gone a long journey over mountains and seas; it would be an easy thing for him to lose his life—and he has done so! He will never come back again; and I fancy my sister will never ask after him."

He covered the troubled earth, in which he had laid the dead body, with withered leaves, and then set off home again, through the dark night.

But he went not alone, as he fancied; the little elf went with him; it sat in a withered, curled-up lime leaf, which had fallen upon the hair of the cruel man as he dug the grave.

He had now put his hat on, and, within, it was very dark; and the little elf trembled with horror and anger over the wicked deed.

In the early hour of morning he came home; he took off his hat, and looked into his sister's chamber; there lay the beautiful, blooming maiden, and dreamed about the handsome young man. She loved him very dearly, and thought now he went over mountains and through woods.

The cruel brother bent over her; what were his thoughts we know not, but they must have been evil.

The withered lime-leaf fell from his head down upon the bed-cover, but he did not notice it; and so he went out, that he, too, might sleep a little in the early morning hour.

But the elf crept out of the withered leaf, crept to the ear of the sleeping maiden, and told her, as if in a dream, of the fearful murder; described to her the very place where he had been stabbed, and where his body lay; it told about the blossoming lime tree close beside, and said—

"And that thou mayest not fancy that this is a dream which I tell thee, thou wilt find a withered lime leaf upon thy bed."

And she found it when she woke.

Oh! what salt tears she wept, and she did not dare to tell her sorrow to any one. The window stood open all day, and the little elf could easily go out into the garden, to the roses and all the other flowers; but for all that, he resolved not to leave the sorrowful maiden.

In the window there stood a monthly rose, and he placed himself in one of its flowers, and there could he hear the young lady who was so unhappy. Her brother came into her room, but she could not say one word about the great sorrow of her heart.

As soon as it was night she stole out of the house, went to the wood, and to the very place where the lime tree stood; tore away the dead leaves from the sod, dug down, and found him who was dead.

Oh! how she wept and prayed our Lord that she, too, might soon die!

Gladly would she have taken the body home with her, but that she could not; so she cut away a beautiful lock of his hair, and laid it near her heart!

Not a word she said; and when she had laid earth and leaves again upon the dead body, she went home; and took with her a little jasmine tree, which grew full of blossoms, in the wood where he had met with his death.

As soon as she returned to her chamber, she took a very pretty flower-pot, and filling it with mould, laid in it the beautiful curling hair, and planted in it the jasmine tree.

"Farewell, farewell!" whispered the little elf.

He could no longer bear to see her grief, so he flew out into the garden, to his rose; but its leaves had fallen; nothing remained of it but the four green calix leaves.

"Ah, how soon it is over with all that is good and beautiful!" sighed he.

At last he found a rose—which became his house; he crept among its fragrant leaves, and dwelt there.

Every morning he flew to the poor young lady's window, and there she always stood by the flower-pot and wept. Her salt tears fell upon the jasmine twigs, and every day, as she grew paler and paler, they became more fresh and green; one cluster of flower-buds grew after another; and then the small white buds opened into flowers, and she kissed them.

Her cruel brother scolded her, and asked her whether she had lost her senses. He could not imagine why she always wept over the flower-pot, but he did not know what secret lay within its dark mould. But she knew it; she bowed her head over the jasmine bloom, and sank exhausted on her couch.

The little rose-elf found her thus, and, stealing to her ear, he whispered to her about the evening in the honeysuckle arbor, about the rose's fragrance, and the love which he, the little elf, had for her.

She dreamed so sweetly, and whilst she dreamt, the beautiful angel of death conveyed her spirit away from this world, and she was in heaven with him who was so dear to her.

The jasmine buds opened their large white flowers; their fragrance was wondrously sweet.

When the cruel brother saw the beautiful blossoming tree, he took it, as an heirloom of his sister, and set it in his sleeping room, just beside his bed, for it was pleasant to look at, and the fragrance was so rich and uncommon.

The little rose-elf went with it, and flew from blossom to blossom. In every blossom there dwelt a little spirit, and to it he told about the murdered young man, whose beautiful curling locks lay under their roots; told about the cruel brother, and the heart-broken sister.

"We know all about it," said the little spirit of each flower; "we know it! we know it! we know it!" and with that they nodded very knowingly.

The rose-elf could not understand them, nor why they seemed so merry, so he flew out to the bees which collected honey, and told them all the story.

The bees took it to their queen, who gave orders that the next morning they should all go and stab the murderer to death with their sharp little daggers; for that seemed the right thing to the queen bee.

But that very night, which was the first night after the sister's death, as the brother slept in his bed, beside the fragrant jasmine tree, every little flower opened itself, and all invisibly came forth the spirits of the flower, each with a poisoned arrow; first of all they seated themselves by his ear, and sent such awful dreams to his brain as made him, for the first time, tremble at the deed he had done. They then shot at him with their invisible poisoned arrows.

"Now we have avenged the dead," said they, and flew back to the white cups of the jasmine flowers.

As soon as it was morning, the window of the chamber was opened, and in came the rose-elf, with the queen of the bees and all her swarm.

But he was already dead. There stood the people around his bed, and they said that the strong jasmine had been the death of him.

Then did the rose-elf understand the revenge which the flowers had taken, and he told it to the queen bee, and she came buzzing, with all her swarm, around the jasmine pot.

The bees were not to be driven away, so one of the servants took up the pot to carry it out, and one of the bees stung him, and he let the pot fall, and it was broken in two.

Then they all saw the beautiful hair of the murdered young man; and so they knew that he who lay in the bed was the murderer.

The queen bee went out humming into the sunshine, and she sung about how the flowers had avenged the young man's death, and that behind every little flower-leaf is an eye which can see every wicked deed.

Old and young, think on this! and so, Fare ye well.

THE DAISY.

BY H. C. A.

HOW thou shalt hear!—Out in the country, close by the high road, there stood a pleasure-house,—thou hast, no doubt, seen it thyself. In the front is a little garden full of flowers, and this is fenced in with painted palisades. Close beside these, in a hollow, there grew, all among the loveliest green grass, a little tuft of daisies.

The sun shone upon it just as warmly and as sweetly as upon the large and rich splendid flowers within the garden, and, therefore, it grew hour by hour.

One morning it opened its little shining white flower-leaves, which looked just like rays of light all round the little yellow sun in the inside. It never once thought that nobody saw it down there in the grass, and that it was a poor, despised flower! No, nothing of the kind! It was so very happy; turned itself round towards the warm sun, looked up, and listened to the lark which sang in the blue air.

The little daisy was as happy as if it had been some great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were in school, and whilst they sat upon the benches learning their lessons, it also sat upon its little green stalk, and learned from the warm sun and from everything around it how good God is.

And it seemed to it quite right that the little lark sang so intelligibly and so beautifully everything which it felt in stillness; and it looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird, which could sing and fly, but it was not at all vexed because it could not do the same.

"I see it and hear it," thought the daisy; "the sun shines upon me, and the winds kiss me! O, what a many gifts I enjoy!"

Inside the garden paling there were such a great many stiff, grand flowers; and all the less fragrance they had the more they seemed to swell themselves out. The pionies blew themselves out that they might be bigger than the roses; but it is not size which does everything.

The tulips had the most splendid colors, and they knew it too, and held themselves so upright on purpose that people should see them all the better. They never paid the least attention to the little daisy outside, but it looked at them all the more, and thought, "How rich they are, and how beautiful! Yes, to be sure, the charming bird up there must fly down and pay them a visit. Thank God! that I am so near that I can see all the glory!"

And whilst she was thinking those thoughts—"Quirrevit!" down came the lark flying,—but not down to the pionies and the tulips; no! but down into the grass to the poor little daisy; which was so astonished by pure joy, that it did not know what it should think.

The little bird danced round about, and sang, "Nay, but the grass is in flower! and see, what a sweet little blossom, with a golden heart and a silver jerkin on!"—for the yellow middle of the daisy looked as if it were of gold, and the little leaves round about were shining and silver white.

So happy as the little daisy was it is quite impossible to describe! The bird kissed it with its beak, sang before it, and then flew up again into the blue air. It required a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy could come to itself again.

Half bashfully, and yet with inward delight, it looked into the garden to the other flowers; they had actually seen the honor and the felicity which she had enjoyed; they could certainly understand, she thought, what a happiness it was.

But the tulips stood yet just as stiffly as before, and their faces were so peaked and so red!—for they were quite vexed. The pionies were quite thick-headed, too! it was a good thing that they could not talk, or else the daisy would have been regularly scolded.

The poor little flower, however, could see very plainly that they were not in a good humor, and that really distressed her. At that very moment there came a girl into the garden with a great knife in her hand, which was very sharp and shining, and she went all among the tulips, and she cut off first one and then another.

"Ah!" sighed the little daisy, "that was very horrible; now all is over with them!"

So the girl went away with the tulips. The daisy was glad that it grew in the grass, and was a little mean flower; it felt full of gratitude, and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, slept and dreamed the whole night long about the sun and the little bird.

Next morning the flower again, full of joy, spread out all its white leaves, like small arms, towards the air and the light; it recognized the bird's voice; but the song of the bird was very sorrowful.

Yes, the poor little bird had good reason for being sad! it had been taken prisoner, and now sate in a cage close by the open window of the pleasure-house. It sang about flying wherever it would in freedom and bliss; it sang about the young green corn in the fields, and about the charming journeys which it used to make up in the blue air upon its hovering wings. The poor bird was heavy at heart, and was captive in a cage.

The little daisy wished so sincerely that it could be of any service; but it was difficult to tell how. In sympathizing with the lark the daisy quite forgot how beautiful was everything around it—how warmly the sun shone, and how beautifully white were its own flower-leaves. Ah! it could think of nothing but of the captive bird, for which it was not able to do anything.

Just then came two little boys out of the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that which the girl had, and with which she cut off the tulips. They went straight up to the little daisy, which could not think what they wanted.

"Here we can get a beautiful grass turf for the lark," said one of the boys.

And he began deeply to cut out a square around the daisy-root, so that it was just in the middle of the turf.

"Break off the flower," said the other boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear of being broken off, and thus losing its life; when it would so gladly live and go with the turf into the cage of the pretty captive bird.

"Nay, let it be where it is," said the other boy; "it makes it look so pretty!"

And so it was left there, and taken into the cage to the lark.

But the poor bird made loud lamentations over its lost freedom, and struck the wires of the cage with its wings.

The little daisy could not speak, could not say one consoling word, however gladly it would have done so. Thus passed the forenoon.

"There is no water here," said the captive lark; "they are all gone out, and have forgotten to give me a drop to drink! my throat is dry and burning; it is fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Ah, I shall die away from the warm sunshine, from the fresh, green leaves, from all the glorious things which God has created," and with that it bored its little beak down into the cool turf to refresh itself a little.

At that moment it caught sight of the daisy, nodded to it, kissed it with its beak, and said—

"Thou also must wither here, thou poor little flower. Thou and the little plot of grass, which they have given me for the whole world which I had out there! Every little blade of grass may be to me a green tree, every one of thy little white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost."

"Ah, who can comfort him?" thought the daisy, but could not move a leaf; and yet the fragrance which was given forth from its delicate petals was much sweeter than is usual in such flowers.

The bird remarked this, and when, overcome by the agony of thirst and misery, it tore up every green blade of grass, it touched not the daisy.

Evening came, and yet no one brought a single drop of water to the poor bird. It stretched out its beautiful wings, fluttered them convulsively, and its song was a melancholy wailing; its little head bowed down towards the flower, and its heart broke from thirst and longing.

The little flower knew this not; before the evening had ended, it had folded its petals together and slept upon the earth, overcome with sickness and sorrow.

Not until the next morning came the boys, and when they saw that the bird was dead they wept, wept many tears, and dug for it a handsome grave, which they adorned with leaves of flowers.

The corpse of the bird was laid in a beautiful red box. It was to be buried royally, the poor bird, which, when full of life and singing its glorious song, they forgot, and let it pine in a cage, and suffer thirst—and now they did him honor, and shed many tears over him!

But the sod of grass with the daisy, that they threw out into the dust of the highway; no one thought about it, though it had felt more than any of them for the little bird, and would gladly have comforted it.

A TELL-TALE.—A wealthy ironmaster in the North of England, whose house and works are dazzlingly illuminated by the electric light, has adopted an ingenious contrivance to glean information as to what goes on during his absence from home. In several of his rooms, and in his offices, there is a concealed apparatus in the walls. Every hour a shutter is silently opened by machinery, and an instantaneous photograph is taken of all that is going on in the room. One clerk, who received his dismissal somewhat unexpectedly, and boldly wanted to know the reason why, was horrified when shown a photograph in which he was depicted lolling in an easy chair, with his feet upon the office desk, while the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to an hour at which he ought to have been at his business.

A FEMALE servant who had been in the habit of carrying out tea, sugar, coffee, etc., tied around her waist, under her clothing, from the house in which she was employed, in New York, was called by her mistress just as she was going out the other night, and before the interview terminated the young woman began to leave a trail of rice wherever she moved. A paper bag full of it had broken. This led to her arrest, and over $200 worth of stolen goods of various kinds were found in her room, in another part of the city.

"I DON'T believe in feeding tramps at the door," said Mrs. Crimsonbeak. "You feed them once and they are sure to come back again." "Well, I don't know," replied Mrs. Yeast; "I always give them bread when they come to my door, and I can't say that I ever knew a tramp to come the second time." "Oh, well, Mrs. Yeast, you make your own bread, do you not?" This was all that was said, and yet Mrs. Yeast went down the street like a straw hat on a windy day.

DIFFERENCES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The King can drink the best of wine,
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine,
So have I;
And cannot order rain nor shine,
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the King and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they.
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt the lord my King and me.

Do knaves around me lie and wait
To deceive?
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state
By my leave?
No, heaven be thanked! and here you see
More difference 'twixt the King and me.

He has his fools, with jest and quips,
When he'd play;
He had his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips—
Well-a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the King and me!

I wear a cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the Clown—
What of that?
Happy I and wretched he,
Perhaps the King would change with me.

THE BLUE LAWS.

This name seems to have been first used of the early statutes of New Haven, some of which are spoken of under this title in the "General History of Connecticut." These enactments were never allowed to be printed.

Of forty-five blue laws twenty-four, at least, were substantially in force. Among those that must have been peculiar to New Haven are the following: "The judge shall determine all controversies without a jury." "A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction," and "married persons must live together or be imprisoned." Then there are others, common to New Haven and other colonies at first, but gradually modified; like those which allowed only church members to vote or hold office; which made conspirators, Quakers, adulterers, and men-stealers liable to be hung, and liars to be whipped; and which provided that "No gospel minister shall join people in marriage," that "The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday," and that "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents." This statute was often enforced in New Haven. On May-day, 1660, a special court was held by Governor Newman to try Jacob M. Murline and Sarah Tuttle. The girl had made some jokes too much like those of Shakspeare's heroines, to Jacob's sisters. Then he came in, snatched up her gloves, and refused to give them back unless she would kiss him. This she denied having done; but the sisters testified that she had; and the Governor decided that she was guilty. She did not deny that Jacob had kissed her, or that they had sat side by side for nearly half an hour, with their arms about each other, and his sisters looking on. Her father charged Jacob with trying to inveigle her into marriage, but she denied it so firmly as to save him from punishment for this crime. Jacob, on being asked "whether his arm was about her waist, and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck," said "he never thought of it since," "for which he was blamed, and told he had not laid to heart as he ought." The court further decided that "his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon the family and place." Sarah was scolded by the Governor, until she "protessed that she was sorry she had carried it so sinfully;" and the criminals were fined twenty shillings each, at a time when the most skillful workman was forbidden by law to earn more than two shillings a day.

The statute of May 30, 1660, also forbids "corrupt songs and foolish jesting," "mixt dancings," "immoderate playing at any sort of sports or games, or mere idle living out of an honest calling industriously, or extravagant expenses, by drinking, apparel, etc."

In 1672 it was decreed, that adulterers should no longer be hung, but have the letter A branded on their foreheads with a hot iron. New Haven burglars were to be branded on the right hand with B. Each of these infant colonies had a fine of five shillings for every absence from church; and whoever interrupted the preacher in Connecticut, or charged him falsely with error, had for the second offence to "either pay five pounds to the public treasury, or stand two hours openly upon a block or stool four foot high, upon a lecture day, with a paper fixed in his breast written with capital letters, An Open and Obstinate Contemner of God's Holy Ordinances, that others may fear and be ashamed of breaking out into like wickedness."

A license from the legislature, as well as a certificate from the doctor, had to be procured before tobacco could be used by any one under twenty, or by any one else who had not formed the habit. This was voted at Hartford in 1647, when it was also ordered: "That no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco publicly into the streets, nor shall take any in the fields or woods, unless when they be on their travel or journey at least ten miles, or at the ordinary time of repast commonly called dinner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other."

Other of these enactments were: "If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife kiss her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates." "No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in the garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting." "No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath-day." "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day." "No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any musical instrument, except the drum, trumpet and Jews-harp;" "Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

After New Haven became a part of Connecticut, a fine of twenty shillings was imposed on any one who should play at cards or backgammon, or suffer it to be played in his house; and enough of this hatred of amusement remained in 1849 to cause all dramatic performances, exhibition of trained animals, etc., where there was a charge for admission, to be prohibited under a fine of $50. One of fifty cents was incurred in 1808 by absence from church, or failure of the parent or guardian to inflict punishment, in the presence of some officer, on any child under 14 who broke the Sabbath.

Grains of Gold.

Your sayer of smart things has a bad heart.

Jealousy is an awkward homage, which inferiority renders to merit.

I desire no other evidence of the truth of Christianity than the Lord's Prayer.

Nothing in human nature is so God-like as the disposition to do good to others.

Where there is a deficiency of brain you will generally find a preponderance of collar.

The protection of God cannot, without sacrilege, be invoked but in behalf of justice and right.

A generous mind will choose to win youth to its duty by mildness and good usage, rather than by severity.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without.

Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods. Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. It is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

By a virtuous emulation the spirit of man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

A good man lives to his own heart. He thinks it not good manners to slight the world's opinion; though he will regard it only in the second place.

Such is the blessing of a benevolent heart, that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot bereave it of all happiness; since it can rejoice in the happiness of others.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria's favorite dish is tapioca pudding.

Women do not disapprove their rivals, they hate them.

In the matter of speed there is a great similarity between a flash of lightning and a bit of unfounded gossip.

A widow's cap has been sent by the widowed Queen Regent of Spain as a jubilee gift to the widowed Queen at Windsor.

Lover's rings in the age of Queen Elizabeth often had posies engraved on them, and were worn by men on the left hand.

Women in Zanzibar pierce their ears, or rather bore them, and for decoration they insert rolls of twisted paper, corncobs and the like.

There is a woman in Omaha who, although she is 101 years of age, still recites poetry whenever she can get any one to listen to her.

Hannah William, an Iowa girl, heard some of the boys laughing about her feet; and because of that she went home, took strychnine and died.

Chicago has a home for workingwomen, in which lodging is ten cents and breakfast five cents. The home is supported by ladies from different churches.

The very light blue eye is characteristic of the Northern races, and in a woman it suggests constancy and truth, steadfastness, simplicity, courage and purpose.

Mistress, severely: "I have made the fire and cooked the breakfast!" New servant: "Well, mum, you needn't wait for me. After this sit down and ate when yer git ready."

The Duchess d'Alencon, who has recently become insane, never rallied from the shock caused by the suicide of King Louis, of Bavaria, to whom she had been betrothed.

The Sultan of Turkey has established two schools for women at Constantinople. A century ago it was considered an impropriety for a Turkish woman to know how to read.

"John, I wish you would get me a rawhide or a shingle; I want to spank Willie," quoth a St. Louis matron. "Why not use my slipper, Mary?" "Oh, I only want to spank him; I don't want to crush him."

Powdered rice, sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds will stop bleeding. A tallow candle or a piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or other garments will prevent the ravages of moths.

A New York girl has given a jeweler an order for a silver belt in links. Instead of Roman medallions on the linked plates, however, she wants the features of some of her young male friends cut in bas-relief, and has furnished the photographs.

A new theory of the final destruction of the earth is that the polar ice is penetrating the interior of the globe like a wedge, and that as soon as it reaches the furnace there will be an explosion that will split the world into pieces too small for truck patches.

A curious matrimonial regulation, which at one time prevailed in Holland, forbade a citizen to marry out of his native town, except on payment of a heavy fine, though it is perhaps needless adding that a great many ingenious couples managed to evade this sumptuary law.

The report that an ornament of Chicago society and one of its most cultured lard dealers recently ordered some "pate de foi gras seed" from the East, saying that he was "going to have as stylish a lawn as any of them seashore fellows," is pronounced a gross falsehood.

A new game is useful. Aprons, unhemmed, are distributed among the ladies, and bags, each containing thread and needle, among the gentlemen. When a gentleman finds a lady with an apron of the same material as his bag, he is obliged to hem her apron. Prizes are awarded to the quickest sewer and best one.

Some of the monasteries of England in the eighth century were presided over by ladies. There was a very famous one at Whitby, in Yorkshire, which was ruled by the Abbess Hilda. She trained up many clergymen, and no less than five bishops. Cedmon, the first English poet, dwelt in her abbey.

A missionary in Africa found a heathen tribe worshipping an Episcopal prayer-book, and was encouraged to think that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He wanted to go home when he learned that the heathen had adopted the book as an idol, on account of its gilded edges, after eating the missionary who owned it.

The latest show-window attraction in New York is animals. The electric dummies that thump on the window glass to attract one's attention are being supplemented in places by parrots that call to customers, squirrels that keep a cage buzzing, and one hat store keeps a Brazilian lizard that wriggles his tail and blinks.

An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde he found 140,000 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich color and silk-like character of their flow.

At the big society fairs in New York a number of the prettiest girls are covered like veiled statuary and auctioned off. At a recent sale some of the girls sold for as high as $15. One of the figures which sold for $13 was wooden. After they were sold, it was the duty of the girls to make their owners spend all they had, and the girls did their work well.

Two ladies had an amusing experience in making a formal call the other day in Boston. The maid asked them to wait until she ascertained whether the persons inquired for were in. Presently she tripped down stairs and announced that "the ladies were not at home." One of the callers, finding that she had forgotten her cards, said to her friend: "Let me write my name upon your card." "Oh, it isn't necessary, Miss ——," put in the maid, cheerfully, "I told them who it was."

Masculinities.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Good character is above all things else.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

"Sidewings" is London gutter slang for whiskers.

The position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illuminate only the track it has passed.

A bachelor is likened to an volume of a set of books, which bears not the value of its proportion to the set.

There is a negro preacher at Crawford, Ga., who has no legs, being hauled around town in a wagon drawn by two goats.

When an Icelander marries he is not allowed to see his mother-in-law. It might make things warmer up there if he did.

The great events in the life of a Chicago man are his first trousers, his first love, his first wife, his first baby, and his last divorce.

A blind man at Lordsburg, Tex., has such delicate touch that he can play cards by feeling the point on the spots with his finger ends.

A Las Cruce, N. M., man claims to be able to shoot the bottom out of a champagne bottle through the neck while being tossed in the air.

An Albany barber says there is not half the danger in being shaved from the public cups in a barber shop as in being brushed with the public hair brush.

"La Lumiere Electrique" now claims that the lightning rod was not invented by Franklin, but by a Bohemian monk, who, it states, erected one in 1754.

A keeper in the New York Tombs discovered a flask of whisky and a broad-bladed knife in a loaf of bread, sent to one of the prisoners a day or two ago.

The latest novelty in pins consists of a single gold daisy, violet leaf, or shield of some sort, with a bee attached so as to oscillate with every movement of the wearer.

The Lord Mayor of London receives no salary. He is obliged to give bonds of $25,000 that he will disburse that amount in entertaining during the one year of his service.

In the list of the graduates of the Buffalo High School all the star scholars for two, three, and four years were girls. Coeducation must be stopped or the boys must brace up.

People who are jealous, or particularly careful of their own rights and dignity, always find enough of those who do not care for either to keep them continually uncomfortable.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or others' evil, and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

As one man that runneth in haste and leapeth over a fence may fall into a pit which he doth not see, so is a man that plungeth suddenly into an action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect for you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, not even in jest; it may end in angry earnest.

A bachelor is published in the papers of Porkopolis for having refused to pay his washerwoman's bill. He publishes a card stating that he refused to pay because she washed all the white out of his shirts.

Self-satisfaction and conceit are commonly the characteristics traits represented by the green eye. When the tinge verges on yellowishness it denotes that the possessor is gifted with strong powers of imagination.

Crockery coffins are proposed by a Philadelphia inventor. His idea is to glaze them, thus making a tight and imperishable receptacle, the object being to protect underground water currents from pollution.

Stature as connected with heredity, has recently been investigated, and among the first results is the inference that the height of children of both sexes, but especially that of the daughters, takes after that of the father.

At a recent gipsy wedding at Macomb, Ill., it is stated in a local paper, that "when the bridegroom was asked if he took the woman to be his wedded wife, he answered 'Just as you say.'" After the ceremony the man went out of one door and the woman out of another, and they did not appear to be in the least interested in each other.

A new cigar and cigarette-holder is a very ingenious little appliance. It can be attached to a finger in such a manner that it holds the cigar, leaving the hand at the same time at perfect liberty. The length of the holder allows the arm to rest freely by the side when the cigar is brought to the mouth, thus a perfectly natural position is maintained while smoking.

If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam, or Tom, you need not fear that he will be drowned during the coming season. The boy who has a ping name, and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair, and if he wears shoes in summer, and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a wash bowl.

Among the romantic incidents of the week in Paris, is the singular case of an Italian nobleman, said to be well known in society circles, who, it has been discovered, sells tinware and the like from a handcart in the suburbs during the day, and at night in elegant toilet frequents the clubs and theatres. The fact was accidentally discovered, and it is surmised that he keeps up his double personality hither for a whim or a wager.

Recent Book Issues.

Number 7 of Ticknor's Paper Series is "Eleanor Maitland," a romance of modern life and European travel and experiences, written by Clara Erskine Clement, whose hand-books of art are so widely renowned. It is a genuine old-fashioned story, abounding in incident and color, and calculated to hold the interest as many of the etching-like modern novels fail to do. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

"Bessie's Six Lovers," by Henry Peterson, whom many of our older readers will remember as having formerly been for years editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is the story of a New York belle's summer in the country. It is a charming tale, describing a New York society girl, who worn out by the gayeties of a winter's campaign and smarting under the deception of a man she was to marry, determines upon a visit to some relatives in the country. After her arrival there, she finds that six young Philadelphians are coming to stay in the same house, and not caring to meet such a formidable army, resorts to the novel experiment of climbing a tree, where she thought she could avoid the enemy, and "go it alone." Out of this event is envolved a most entertaining series of incidents, eventually ending as all would wish. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Publishers. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for July is unusually attractive in both its letter-press and illustrations. This pleasant little periodical is among the most successful of those publications devoted to the entertainment of youngsters of tender years. Published by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Wide Awake for July opens with "Geo. Washington's Boyhood, Pursuits and Companions," by W. F. Carne, which contains a very pretty story of its hero's youth. Charles Egbert Craddock's story reaches its sixth chapter, and stops at a coon hunt. Frona Marie Brooks tells "How One Annex Maid Began Her Career," and affords an insight into the Harvard Annex. There is a story of a boy who misses his Fourth of July, a picture story of animals and their animal friends, and a great variety of attractive reading in prose and verse, to say nothing of a profusion of fine illustrations. The number is a bright and wholly attractive summer issue. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

A very sumptuous as well as a most valuable art souvenir, is the Jubilee Number of *The Magazine of Art*, entitled "The Queen's Pictures," illustrating the chief events of the life of Queen Victoria, with descriptive notes by Richard R. Holmes, F. S. A., Librarian at Windsor Castle. It contains engravings of pictures which have been executed from time to time by the royal commands to illustrate the chief events of Her Majesty's life, and of the Queen painted at various periods of her life by celebrated painters, including copies of paintings of Victoria at different stages of girlhood. Cassell & Company, New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for July is an eminently practical number, and gives several important articles bearing on the business interests of the world. Foremost among them is the first of a series by David A. Wells, on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873." Mr. Stuart A. Weld, in a temperate and instructive article on "The Panama Canal," describes the present condition and the prospects of that important undertaking. H. H. Gardner's "Lawsuit or Legacy" is of concern to every person interested in life insurance. Of more directly scientific interest is Professor Farlow's "The Task of American Botanists." Ex-President Andrew D. White gives, as a chapter in the "Warfare of Science with Theology," a view of the curious dogmas or fancies that have been harbored in the church, or by churchmen, concerning meteorological phenomena. A sketch and portrait are published of Dr. Isaac Lea, the American conchologist. The other papers cover several interesting subjects in popular science. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

With its July issue the *The Magazine of American History* begins its eighteenth volume. A superb portrait of Henry Laurens, the South Carolina statesman of the Revolution, graces the opening page, accompanied by a realistic and engaging sketch of "Henry Laurens in the London Tower," from the editor. General Arthur F. Devereaux, follows with a spirited and thrilling account of "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg." Mr. Justin Winsor contributes a timely paper on "The Manuscript Sources of American History." General P. St. George Cooke, U. S. A., A. M., writes "One Day's Work of a Captain of Dragoons." John M. Bishop discourses authoritatively on the "United States Mail Service." Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart's "Biography of a River and Harbor Bill," is a fragment of contemporary history. Mr. George E. Foster gives the history of "Journalism Among the Cherokee Indians." William D. Kelley, Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, James E. Deane, Walter Booth Adams, and others, contribute short papers. A new department appears, called "Historic and Social Jottings." All the departments are well filled. Price, $5 a year. Published at 743 Broadway New York.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

JEST AND MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGES are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will often form an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word a look. When once under the spell of the verb "*to love*," they go through all its forms and finish the declension of the verb before the altar. The few may give this subject the consideration it deserves; but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow:

"Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. ——," she said, smiling. "I want a mate, too, and cannot get one. As we are in the same position, I'll tell you what I'll do: If you'll be mine, I'll be yours." He closed the bargain, and, the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazaar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy-work of various kinds. "Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be the least use to me, a bachelor—except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price."

"I will be cheap enough," she said coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps I ——"

"Oh, come! you are just the person I want" taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased everything on the stall. Then, at settling-up, there was something said about discount.

"I cannot return any money," she said blushing, "but if you think me dear enough there's mamma; she may give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

At another bazaar, in the Highlands, also got up for a religious object, the minister, who had just been appointed, gave so much attention to a particular lady, that one of his elders thought it prudent to interfere. Taking him aside for the purpose, he said simply: "Mind! They will be speakin'."

Comprehending the situation, and remembering that the elder possessed a keen sense of humor replied: "It's all right, John. They can say nothing. A man may love his neighbor as himself, you know."

"No doubt, no doubt," said John, with a twinkle in his eye, "a man may love his neighbor as himself, but can he love her as his wife?"

"That's a question I never thought of," said the other nonplussed. However, John's rebuke having forced the question on him, he decided in the affirmative, and returning to the lady forthwith, proposed and was accepted.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient-friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on those terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased, here;" and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a cheque for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the cheque.

"But you have only succeeded in driving me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a cheque; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty, and wished to help him out of it; at anyrate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife, when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that she aroused his interest.

Farther conversation proved her to be a person worthy of regard, and eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of boots. "I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good, broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said: "A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?"

"Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm sole, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at anyrate says that he made her his wife.

A man who had been very unfortunate in business, while relating his reverses to a rich lady, wound up by saying: "There is nothing for me but the union."

"Which one?" she inquired with a smile on her lips and a soft look in her eyes. "If you care for me, choose that union in which I may see you oftenest."

"Shall we say the matrimonial?"

"Ah, well, if you have a preference for that one, I have no objection," and the agreement was ratified.

"Are you married yet, Kitty?" said a sailor on meeting an old acquaintance after returning from a long voyage.

"No; that somebody has never come."

"Ah, then, I have brought him, after a deal of bother," he said, throwing his arms around her; and the matter was there and then settled.

This was ingenuous enough, like the case of the theatrical manager who was brought to the point when he called to inform his leading actress that he had secured a play at last which was sure to have a long run.

"What part have you reserved for me?" she asked.

"You are to be a charming sweetheart, as you are."

"Is there a wife in the piece?"

"There is."

"Then I have done charming sweethearts till I am tired. I must be a wife in the long-run." And she was.

CLIMATE AND FOOD.

The bodily temperature of men of different races, wherever they live, never falls below 94°; none rises above 103°. Any variation otherwise continued for a length of time indicates an impairment of health. From 8° to 10° in a rise or fall from those limits, for a long time, will result in the extinction of life.

There are two main purposes which food serves—the first is to supply us with a certain proportion of that heat which is necessary for life and health, the second to repair the waste which is constantly taking place in the mechanism of the bodily frame. For each of these purposes a different kind of food is provided. The temperature of the body is maintained by what is called combustible substances. Everything eaten has a certain proportion of them, but in some kind of food the proportion is much greater than in others; so that when the bodily heat is low we must eat sufficient of the food which contains the most combustible substance, to bring the bodily temperature up to its normal level.

In northern latitudes, where vegetation is scarce, the only source to obtain food that nature requires is the fat, blubber and oil of fish, and the flesh of the reindeer and sea-fowl, of which a large quantity is necessarily consumed, so much as from ten to twelve pounds for each man. The necessity for a higher temperature involves an increased quantity of food, and the gluttony of the inhabitants is really necessary. It is the skin which is chiefly affected by external cold. It contracts so the temperature lowers, the first effect of which is to cause the extremities of the nerves to withdraw from the surface of the skin along which they have been spread out; next, by diminishing the diameter of the capillaries or small veins to drive the blood inwards; thirdly, to close the pores, and shut out communication by that channel from within and without, which in time will destroy sensation.

The Esquimaux, with all the northern tribes, are nearly without feeling on the surface of their bodies. They can stand and walk upon broken glass without the slightest inconvenience or pain; so that the proximate effect of the cold being to diminish the number, and weaken the strength of the external sensation transmitted to the brain, its effect will be to weaken the activity of the brain itself. It is a general rule that every organ acts with increased or diminished energy as it is excited or not by its appropriate stimulus derived from food in sufficient quantity, and of proper kind.

W. G. L.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—Yellow roses, of whatever species, mean coquetry. White roses mean silence, withered white roses despair, pink roses bashfulness, and moss roses love. Stripped of its thorns a rose says, "Everything to hope," and stripped of its leaves, "Everything to fear." A single rose-leaf means "I fear to presume." The ordinary fern that florists sell, means sincerity, but maiden-hair means discretion. A bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern would signify "Be silent and cautious." A bouquet of tulips is tantamount to a declaration of love. Narcissus means uncertainty, and a girl who wears white hyacinths declares herself frivolous. Hydrangeas convey a reproach for coldness, and ivy is a quest for friendship.

White lilac stands for platonic love. Violets, of course, as everyone knows, stand for modesty, and pansies say, "think of me." A gift of scarlet geraniums implies that you think the person to whom you present it is behaving foolishly. Silver-leaved geranium means that "you take it back," and a tuberose declares that you "won't give it away." A little bit of smilax is an entreaty for confidence. Clematis is considered to convey admiration of intellect. Cedar or evergreen is emblematic of constancy, and common grass means submission.

TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY.—After reading a book or an article or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and, if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or hints of especial interest that escaped you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

THE memory of good deeds done in youth is the comfort of old age.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

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Joseph Bushell, of Dennison Mills, Quebec, was "completely cured by two bottles of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT of an old sore on the leg."

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Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

IN SUMMER.

He's a jolly old bachelor, out of the reach
Of the wife, who is down at the ocean's salt beach
Who sits and watches the sad sea waves,
And dreams of a husband who misbehaves
While he's away.

He is young again; he uses slang,
And chaffs the boys with a cockney twang;
The old house rings to a tipsy roar,
And the latch-string is out at every door
For many a day.

The nights are spent at a poker game;
He speaks of the ballet as something tame;
And with gibe and joke these rainy men
Refer to the season that brings his ben,
And pleasures flee.

But his wife dreams on with her toes in sand,
Or reads his letters which come to hand,
Describing something she doesn't believe,
And smiles to think he should try to deceive
Her down by the sea.

—U. N. NONE.

Light-headed—The blonde.

Low reflections—Polished boots.

Light weight—A pound of candles.

Footing the Bill—Kicking William.

Out of season—An empty pepper box.

Lost at 9—The hoarse soprano's notes.

A signal success—The weather reports.

Stands to reason—The gentleman who has the floor.

Academy of Design—A young lady's boarding house.

A pelly-tickle movement—Scratching a parrot with a straw.

How to make a good thing last—Make everything else first.

It makes bad work with spelling when the "i" is out of sight and out of mind.

Deaf mutes converse by means of signs, because actions speak louder than words.

Dialogue between two blind men: "Do you know the gentleman who gave you a franc just now?" "Only by sight."

This is a world of disappointments. Some people are disappointed in love, and a good many more are disappointed in marriage.

What is that which is made with a train, travels with a train, is of no use to a train, but which a train cannot travel without?—A noise.

Patient, dissatisfied with dietary restrictions: "Say, Doc, I'm blamed if I'm going to starve to death just for the sake of living a little longer."

Omaha dame: "How is your papa this morning, pet?" Omaha child: "He has given up all hope." "Mercy me! I didn't know his case was so serious as that." "Yes, he has sent for a doctor."

"I say, deah boy, what makes these blawsted Yanks raise such a fuss over their Fo'th of July fun? Don'tcher know if it hadn't been for us British they'd nevaw had a glorious Fo'th at all?" "That's so, Cholly."

"Do you shave yourself, Charlie?" said Uncle Bob to his dude nephew." "Oh, yes; twice a week." "Shave up or down?" "Down," said Charlie, innocently. "I thought so," said the uncle, caressing the peachy fuzz on Charlie's cheek.

Young America, jumping into visitor's lap: "You're Mr. Noodleby, ain't you?" Noodleby: "Yes, dear; that my name." "Well, I want to hear you talk." "And why, my pretty dear?" "'Cause pa says you talk like a jackass, and I never heard one."

"Say, didn't you tell me when you sold me that dog he was a bird dog?" "Yes, that's what I said." "Well, you swindled me. That dog won't hunt." "I didn't say he would hunt. He's a bird dog. Cook the birds for him. That's the way he likes them best."

There is a hotel in a Dakota town which charges $2 per day without or $2.50 per day with potatoes. A Dakota paper says: "This shows the progress we're making. Two years ago it would have been $3 per day and a six-shooter with a calibre like a flour barrel shoved under a guest's nose if he said a word about potatoes."

"What," asks a contemporary, "is the most desirable article about the kitchen?" That depends from what standpoint the desirability is determined. The lady of the house would probably think a cook the most desirable, and the cook would doubtless choose a good-looking policeman, if she had her own way about it.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hours
I've seen my fondest hopes decay; I never tried to save an hour but what I wasted half a day. I never took a girl to church, the longest way back home to plan, but that she left me in the lurch and walked back with another man. I never had a fond gazelle to gladden me with its dark blue eye, but had a goat which knocked me out; "My life is marred with buts," said I.

"Well, I shall call and see you to-morrow, Jessie." "Thanks; I shall be delighted to have you come, Ella." "And I shall bring Fido with me." "Oh, please do not!" "No! why not?" "Rover is not receiving at present. He is in mourning for a brother who was run over by a car. Poor little fellow! It wrings my heart to have him going round with a crape bow around his neck. But the rules of polite society must be observed, my dear."

A man who "knows all about it by experience" tells how one may catch his own shadow. He says: "To do this trick well you must drink two pints of whisky on a moonlight night, then start for home, observing your shadow at full length before you. Jis' drop flat on your face, lettin' your nose go two inches in the ground, so as to make the shadow secure. Lay there till placed in a wheelbarrow by a policeman, who feels it his duty to take you home."

SERVED THEM ALL.—There have been instances where young men have borrowed a dress suit to be married, and it has done service for several Benedicts. Now there comes from Cincinnati the story of three ingenious and not wealthy young maidens utilizing the same wedding-dress. These damsels were about the same age and size, and were all to be married within a few days of each other.

The trio indulged in the ambition of having gay weddings and a fine outfit, though their purses were far from being heavy ones. They put their heads together to pool their money and make the best show they could.

No. 1, the first to be married, made the bargain with the dressmaker, who agreed to make any alterations desired after the ceremony. The three prospective brides went together to purchase the materials, and the dress and lace were of the finest materials, and would have been worthy of Worth's handiwork.

After bride No. 1 was married she turned the dress over to No. 2, who took it for a few alterations to the dressmaker, as agreed, before she presented herself before the altar in it. Then came the turn of No. 3, who had a few changes made, and was the admiration of all her friends in her tasteful bridal drapery.

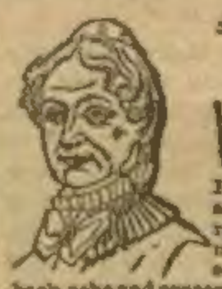
The way the bill was paid was this: No. 1 paid half, because she had the first wearing of the dress; Nos. 2 and 3 shared the other half, and No. 3 was allowed to keep the dress because she came in last.

THEN AND NOW.—Bridesmaids, instead of being only so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, in olden times had various duties assigned to them. One of their principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill mistress, "sizing" them, so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridesmaid was not only duly provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the breast-folds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand.

In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding-day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridesmaids as they dance around; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined, this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridesmaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride and get married within the year.

PADDING.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The beaus of that day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of those ponderous beaus. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales. Two lovers aside could surely never have taken one another by the hand.

ELECTRIC CLOTHES.—A Spanish inventor has recently obtained a patent for converting flannel underclothing into a sort of galvanic battery, so that the wearer may be always under the influence of the "current." In a bath composed of the oxides of iron, copper, zinc, and tin, mixed in fine powder with gum-water, the flannel is soaked and thus becomes charged with electrodes, which are excited by heat, and give off a weak but constant electric current.



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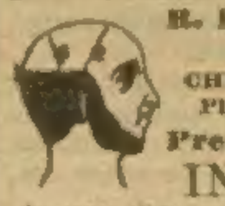

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There is appearing a fabric called Genoa plush, of which th pile is so short as to be rather suggestive of velvet, but velvet of that peculiar thick and close make to which the City of Palaces lends its name.

This plush is being largely adopted for the new demi-saison mantles; it is black as jet, richer and handsomer in appearance than ordinary velvet, and shares with that of Genoa the valuable attribute of incurring little risk from rain.

The novelties in it take the form of close-fitting bodices, with extremely rich decorations due to an abundant use of jet, lace and beads. Some of the jet is as carefully shaped and as delicately sculptured as are neck and ear ornaments when made of this substance.

The name of Marquise is given to the lace of this year's fashion. It is, in fact, that known last season as point de Grenade, endowed with a new feature, which has been obtained by defining the outline of the design in a hand-running of silk. This imparts to it both consistency and strength, and enables the folds to fall with a somewhat richer effect.

Many of the sleeves have the hanging bell-shape with a deep flouncing of lace at the edge, and to those which finish in a moderate coat-size, the appearance of width is given by the deep lace ruffles with which they are bordered.

Elbow sleeves are also apparent, but they are usually represented in transparencies of jet or colored beads, and finished with corresponding fringe.

One example had a high Medici collar of jet, the turned-down corners of which displayed a lining of velvet. The ample folds of lace in front, as well as the basque sides, were held in place by jet ornaments, which likewise appeared in massive proportions upon the elbow sleeves.

On another was arranged a lace fichu showing as a double fan at the back of the neck, with a handsome jet embroidery seen on each side, while the scarf ends and lace front were similarly ornamented.

A visite of a scarf shape showed points of plush at the side, and had its jet ornaments mixed with frosted bell-like flowers of the same substance.

Braces of jet were carried in one instance over the shoulders of a jetted grenadine visite, the sleeves of which were in a large bell-form.

The V back of a fleur de sol mantle was also due to jet, while the same substance supplied the shoulder knot and substantial tassels that, falling over back and front, mingled with the jetted fringes in which the sleeve was represented.

A jabot of lace was conspicuous on the front, while fulnesses of the same were supplied below the waistband of ribbon with which it was drawn into the figure.

A carriage mantle of corded silk in a shade of brown was closely moulded like a bodice. It ended in front in a sharp basque point edged with cashmere tinted beads, which matched the rich and multi-colored passementerie that covered the shoulders both back and front, and fell in fringes of uneven length to the waist. The inserted waistcoat of brown lace was finished at the neck as a fan, from thence descending almost to the knees; it was drawn into points, to finish with multi-colored tassels corresponding with those seen on the corners of the square-cut basque at the back.

A triumph in the art of draping was manifested in a travelling cloak of exceeding simplicity. It was of cloth, light in texture, and of gray effect, due to narrow lines of black and white. Over the close-fitting back was seen a three-cornered handkerchief showing large cross-bars. This was arranged as a folded hood, ending in a point at the waist, while the entire front, from neck to feet, was described in a double revers of the check, folded from the points. Around the collar was carried a necklace of oxydized silver, terminating with an ornament of the same, and a duplicate of the necklace was seen as a chain across the chest drapery.

Most of the new coat jackets are made with waistcoats in contrasting colors, and a good deal of decoration is visible on the latter.

Foundations of silk are sometimes braided and frogged, while other vests have the appearance of being fastened up the front by a fanciful lacing, finished with tassels, whereas, in fact, they close with buttons, which are concealed under the loose fronts. Both fancy cloths and corded silks are shown in jackets on these models.

A marked novelty are pinched bows of three different sizes, intended respectively for the hair, the front of bodice, and the centre decoration of hats.

Into these arrangements there enter no stitches, they are made and mounted on wire, which gives a firmness and lightness unattainable by any other method.

It appears that in Paris butterflies are becoming a favorite decoration, and it is usual to show them as if alighted over the entire front of a tulle skirt. They are also introduced upon the shoulder ornament, the front of bodice and the hair.

Many parures intended for this purpose are made with narrow velvet ribbons, showing corded edges and contrasting colors, with high-standing ospreys in the centre, which serve as a perch for one or more butterflies.

On other bodice decorations, a bouquet is described in ribbons, with the holder represented in lace, held by a comb of tortoise-shell, while rosettes of baby ribbon in three shades of nasturtium provide another.

A battalion of butterflies seemed to have invaded the straps of ribbon carried across the front of a low bodice, which had on the shoulder an epaulette cluster of bows, while the osprey of the headdress supported other examples of the insect.

Well painted butterflies were introduced by means of invisible wire amongst some of the colored ostrich feather trimmings and aigrettes, in readiness for other costumes.

Complete bretelles are also to be found. These are joined across both front and back by flat bands of pearls, worked in transparency, with decoration of lace upon one shoulder, and multi-colored crushed roses or other flowers on the opposite side.

Some draperies for the front of low bodices are due to Surah, and are in frequent instances bordered with embroidery and pearls, finishing with wings or epaulettes of the latter, which rest on the shoulder.

In the new lingerie color decidedly predominates. Collars in the Guards' shape are shown, as are the straight cuffs with dark blue and red borders, spotted with white.

On others, pale pinks, as well as blue and black, appear in the broken check. On another variety are seen narrow lines of crimson and blue between wide bands of white, while a diversity is obtained in some instances by a shading of crimson and indigo to the palest tint.

Horseshoes of different colors are, in some examples, supplied as borderings, in others used to entirely cover the surface of the linen.

Many of the Newmarket cuffs, with fronts to match, have stripes of color alternating with narrow lines of white, and the surface of a fair proportion of these is covered with "mille raies" in red, pink and blue.

One late importation from Paris, admitted through its folded back draperies of navy-blue a glimpse of silver embroidery, effected in metal, while from under the small scallop-cut edge, with which the skirt was finished, was perceptible a similar scalloping of silver-gray satin, having all the appearance of a second petticoat.

A new vigogne, designed for summer wear, has a smoother surface than that with which use has made us familiar. It is, if possible, even softer to the touch, and is light, fine, and produced in all neutral tints.

A costume of this fabric, in a shade of peau de Suede, had a facing of cardinal faille upon the folds of its double revers, and vigogne drapery, raised on the right side, showed a petticoat of the bright colored silk, devoid of any trimming, save that of a ruching of the cloth at its extreme edge.

Embossed velvet in large arabesques, as well as geometrical designs, are also to be found upon a limited portion of some of the smooth-surfaced woollen fabrics which are now being imported for general wear. This will be introduced for inserted fronts, collars, cuffs and apron draperies, upon costumes of which the remainder will be seen in the plain material.

The peculiar light style of millinery now turned out by many high-class houses, both in Paris and London, demands delicate foundations of tulle, and for these the required shape can only be obtained by means of a return to the old method.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT THE ART OF PACKING.

Some one has said that every woman thinks she can poke a fire better than anybody else; and to a great extent the same may be said of the art of packing; and yet, judging by the remarkable results one sees, packing is the vaguest possible term applied to any method of getting one's possessions into the receptacles provided for them.

With many young ladies, whose only idea is to avoid crushing, it means having the largest possible trunks, and laying their possessions neatly in them, one on the top of each other, entirely ignoring the sides and corners.

With the majority of young men, on the contrary, the predominant idea is to take nothing but absolute necessaries, and to squeeze them into the smallest possible compass; which laudable desire they carry out by cramming everything into a small valise, utterly regardless of the consequences, and then standing upon it till the clothes are sufficiently crushed together to enable the key to be turned.

If we could only combine in ourselves the merits of these two types of packers, our trunks would indeed be models of perfection. Let us remember then that, in packing, the idol we have to aim at is to get our possession into the smallest possible compass consistently with the least possible crushing; and the problem before us is, how is this to be done?

Before beginning, it is always advisable to collect all the things that have to be packed; in fact, it is impossible to do our work satisfactorily in any other way. When everything is put together, you can judge how much space will be required, and can then pay your visit to the box-room, and select the trunk best suited to your requirements.

Sometimes, however, the process has to be reversed; in arranging a tour, for instance, in which you intend to leave the line of railways, and consequently may sometimes have difficulties with your luggage, you will have to consider first what sized trunk you can take, and then make up your mind to content yourself with only just what you can pack into it.

Perhaps some inexperienced travellers may be puzzled as to the respective merits of the various baggage.

The definition of the verb "to pack," in all dictionaries is to "bind up goods," which suggests a delightfully simple and primitive way of carrying one's belongings by simply strapping them into a bundle; but since our high state of civilization will not allow of that convenient arrangement, we must find the next best plan, which, of course, depends upon where we are going, and for how long.

It is a strange fact that ladies almost always prefer a trunk of some sort or other to a portmanteau, even when making a tour; but the adherents of leather valises have this argument on their side—that in the course of a tour one never knows into what sort of inconvenient vehicles one's luggage will be expected to go; and any kind of leather bag adapts itself to unlikely holes and corners, which would not accommodate the straight sides and square corners of a trunk; and even when it would hold the trunk, a portmanteau is less in the way.

Who that has travelled, for instance, on an Irish jaunting car but knows the discomfort of being unable to lean back because of the sharp edges of a box in the "well" behind, while, perhaps, some other passenger has been able to make a comfortable back to the seat by a little adjustment of a leather portmanteau. Moreover, a portmanteau suffers much less injury than a trunk from rough usage of careless porters, and cabman. But whichever is chosen, it will be found more convenient in every way to have two small valises or trunks, than one large one.

There is a good deal to be said, however, for trunks, when visiting friends, or going to only one or two places. They require much less careful packing to avoid crushing; and it is always evident which is the top and which is the bottom, so that one never has the annoyance which sometimes happens with a portmanteau, of finding, after carefully packing all one's heavy goods at the bottom, that we have had it wrong side up all the time; but this advantage is rather nullified by the perversity of railway porters, who, unless the trunk is very heavy, lift it about by one handle, and finally leave it standing on end, so that all one's care to put the heavy things at the bottom is of very little use.

While on this subject I cannot resist mentioning, that people often, quite unintentionally, do an injury to the porters by having broken edges to their boxes, especially tin ones. I have frequently seen porters get their clothes torn and their hands bleeding from carelessness in leaving a jagged piece of tin protruding from the side of a box.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ELECTRIC light wires were broken by a gale of wind in Augusta, Ga., the other day, and, hanging down in the street, gave severe shocks to those who were unfortunate enough to touch them.

Confidential Correspondents.

HERSCHEL.—The naked eye can discriminate stars to the sixth or seventh magnitude, but powerful telescopes reach even to a sixteenth magnitude.

INOLAVERRE.—Hypatia was born in 370, and was famous as a lecturer on philosophy. She was a martyr to jealousy of her talents, learning, and moral excellence, and was torn to pieces by the rabble of her native city, Alexandria, Egypt, in 415.

Q. Q.—Venice was built upon small islands and shoals and although it contains some fine streets and public places, and plenty of narrow lanes, the principal avenues of communication are the canals, separating the original islands.

CHILLY NELL.—A remedy for chilblains not usually given, but which is said to have great effect in allaying the intense itching, consists of three parts of sulphurous acid to one of glycerine diluted with the same quantity of water. It is to be applied with an ordinary camel's hair brush.

G. E. P.—All exceptions to grammatical rules have to be learned by heart. The variations of the irregular verbs, such as teach, go, etc., must also be committed to memory. All languages are more or less full of irregularities, exceptional forms, and other lingual phenomena which give the learner a great deal of trouble.

S. M.—You would have to trace back your genealogy through your ancestors in the simplest and most straightforward way. You begin with your parents, then go to your grandparents, next to your great-grandparents, and so on. As your relation died in 1790, you would not have to trace back many generations to reach him.

JULIA P.—Young ladies should, if they be desirous of contracting an advantageous marriage, discourage as much as possible the advances of too many admirers. A flirt may dazzle for a time, and enjoy the conquests she makes, but in the long run she generally repents of her ephemeral triumphs. Men are very wary of uniting themselves with determined coquettes.

W. M.—It depends on many circumstances and conditions whether your excessive fondness for poetry will injure you or not. If you are only fond of good poetry, and do not spend too much time in reading it, no harm need come of it. An "excessive fondness" for poetry need not necessarily be indulged, any more than an excessive fondness for confectionery or strong drink.

TROUBLE. — This correspondent says, "When a young gentleman proposes to a young lady, and she refuses him, but says she thinks more of him than of anyone else, and wishes him to continue his visits, what would you advise him to do?" Our advice to you is to continue your visits. The young lady's declaration is not final; and if you prove yourself worthy, she will probably in due time, reconsider her refusal.

M. H.—If you would form the habit of reading the biographies of men who worked their way up from poverty and ignorance to wealth and learning, you would find that the cheering and encouraging effect upon your mind would be very beneficial. When one is working his own way up the hill of advancement, under adverse circumstances, it is encouraging to see how others have made their way before him.

ROSIE.—Do not fret over being fat, and be satisfied with taking regular daily exercise. But take nothing to make you thin. You are not as stout as "big Lambert," we imagine, unless you measure nine feet four inches round the waist. Eleven young men have stood within a buttoned waistcoat that once was his. Young women who pride themselves on wasp-like waists appear little aware of what objects of commiseration they make themselves by an exhibition of such deformity.

BERT.—Whichever is first to break the engagement should return the letters received, and request the return of theirs; the gifts should accompany them. In the present instance, it seems that misfortune on the gentleman's part has been the occasion of the dissolution of the engagement. The return of the letters should be done in a delicate and kindly spirit; for when the bitterness of adverse circumstances is augmented by a separation of this nature, the blow, heavy as it must prove, should be dealt gently.

C. W. G.—If you have wisdom and self-respect you will dismiss your unworthy lover, promptly and decidedly. The probability is that you have given your affection so unreservedly that he has undervalued its worth, and if you still wish to unite yourself for life to such a mean and half-hearted partner, the course we recommend is the most likely to awake him to the worth of what he cares for so little now. Take our advice, however, and even if he does come back to you, have nothing to say to him; if he is "highly esteemed," it is only because his real character is not known.

C. B. M.—Macbeth was a usurper and tyrant of Scotland. He lived in the eleventh century. His wife, Lady Macbeth, incited him to murder his kinsman Duncan at Inverness, and seize upon the throne. He also put to death Macduff and Banquo, the most powerful men in his dominions. Macduff next became the object of Macbeth's suspicions; but he escaped into England, and the monster wreaked his vengeance on his wife and children, whom he caused to be butchered. Macduff and Malcolm, son of Duncan, having obtained assistance from the English, entered Scotland, and forced Macbeth to retreat into the Highlands, where he was soon after slain in battle by Macduff. The incidents in Macbeth's bloody career are closely followed in Shakspeare's tragedy.

CREOLE.—Your friend is wrong. But you yourself are equally mistaken as to the true meaning of the word "creole." You are quite right in supposing that it does not necessarily imply black blood; but you are quite wrong in your own idea that it necessarily excludes it. There are white creoles, and black creoles, and brown creoles; and all of these are equally creole. A creole means merely a person born in the West Indies or in tropical America, in contradistinction to imported Europeans, Asiatics, or Africans. Thus English people who emigrate to Jamaica are not creoles; but their children born in the island are. The descendants of Indian or Chinese coolies in Barbadoes and Demerara are creole coolies. Negroes or brown people born in the West Indies are known as creole negroes or creole mulattoes, to distinguish them from the old "salt-water negroes" brought over from Africa. The word, in short, means merely native as opposed to imported.